THE FOUR CENTERS OF U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, By Norman Cousins

# Saturday Review

July 2, 1966 35¢

## THE CHINESE-SOVIET GAP WIDENS, By Hugo Portisch

5-17-66 49

"Coryell's Ferry, 1776," by Joseph Pickett (see page 35)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

## EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS: THE GROWING DEBATE

Henry K. Beecher, M.D. ★ William H. Stewart, M.D. ★ Cleveland Academy of Medicine
Ray H. Bixler ★ Arthur Selwyn Miller ★ John Lear

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Isn't it all clear now?

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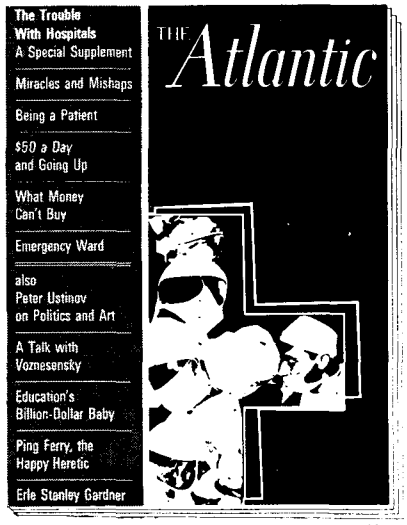
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# *Saturday Review*

**July 2, 1966**

Cover: Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York



**SR: Ideas**

8 The Chinese-Soviet Gap Widens, by Hugo Portisch
12 The Causes of Peace, by John F. Wharton
15 Classics Revisited: Apuleius, by Kenneth Rexroth
16 The Four Centers of U.S. Foreign Policy: An Editorial
20 The 1966 Amy Loveman Awards, by James F. Fixx

**SR: Science**

41 Experiments on Humans—The Growing Debate: John Lear, Cleveland Academy of Medicine, William H. Stewart, M.D., Henry K. Beecher, M.D., Ray H. Bixler, Arthur Selwyn Miller

**SR: Books**

21 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
21 Index of books reviewed

**SR: Departments**

3 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory
4 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
5 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
6 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
7 *SR* Recommends
19 Letters to the Editor
20 Literary I.Q.
22 Literary Crypt
35 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
36 The Theater: Henry Hewes
37 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight
38 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
57 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1682



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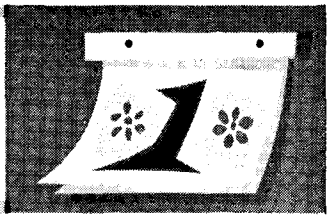
# First of the Month



JUNE WAS the month of versuses—and vice versuses—of Robert McNamara vs. student bodies, of Robert Kennedy vs. South Africa, of Ronald Reagan vs. the Democrats, of James Meredith vs. Mississippi, of Sam Sheppard vs. the Cleveland papers, and of the Supreme Court vs. what many policemen felt was "law and order." Frankly, we're heartily sick of the High Court's deciding vitally important matters by a 5 to 4 vote, and we hope when the Day of Judgment comes either we, or even the other side, wins by a larger margin.

• • •

The International P.E.N. Congress, meeting in the United States for the first time in forty-two years, under the overall theme of "The Writer as Independent Spirit," was so exciting that outsiders even learned that the "E" in P.E.N. stood not only for essayists, but also for editors. It was, furthermore, such heady stuff that, at the opening session held at the Loeb Center at N.Y.U., there were editorial fluffs all over the place. Roger Stevens, President of the National Council of Arts, reading a message from President Johnson, said, "It is a pleasure for me to expend—I mean extend—a welcome"; Arthur Miller told not only of famous writers but also of others not so famous "whose names," he said, "we need to hear—I mean whose words we need to hear"; and finally Saul Bellow, talking of today's university critics taking over, said that now writers were up against "stony old peasants—I mean stony old pedants." Altogether, a terrific meeting of P.E.N.—the "P" not standing for either peasants *or* pedants, but poets and playwrights.

• • •

One writer, not in town for P.E.N., but on her own, was Miss Monica Dickens, who is the great-granddaughter of none other than Charles himself. Dickens, as you may recall, had ten children, all his sons being named for famous writers—Charles Dickens, Jr., Walter Landor Dickens, Francis Jeffrey Dickens, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, Sydney Smith Dickens, Henry Fielding Dickens, and Edward Bulwer-Lytton Dickens. Monica's grandfather was Henry Fielding Dickens, the only child who went on to a successful career of his own, as a judge. Miss Dickens's current novel, *The Room Upstairs,* is her eighteenth, and her first with an American setting.

"I also have had about eighteen different jobs," she told us. "The one I liked best was as a cook. The London papers did a spread of me—on one side being presented at Court, on the other being a charwoman. I've always wanted to be down at the bottom, you know. I'd rather be doing the thing than having it done for me—I'd rather be the waiter than the dinner guest. The French call it *nostalgie de la boue.*"

Miss Dickens now lives in America year-round, on Cape Cod, and is married to American detective-story writer Roy Stratton. "We met on a plane flying from London to Glasgow," she said, "and he made some typically American remark like, 'Is it true that of 25,000,000 Englishmen, eight and three-quarter thousand are in mental hospitals?' I told him I really didn't know. I shouldn't have, of course. I should have told him, 'How clever of you to be so well informed.'"

Asked about her writing, the charming Miss Dickens said modestly, "I don't have talent. I just have a little knack with words." Next fall, however, she plans a lecture tour. Her three subjects: "Charles Dickens," "America is My Cup of Tea," and "The Facts of Fiction."

Her current book was bought by Lee Barker, who then gave it to a copy editor. "He did the most extraordinary thing, you know," she told us. "He took out every single comma. Do all American copy editors do that?" We told her we didn't know—but we'd heard it took all kinds to make a publishing firm, copy editors *and* comma editors.

Finally, we asked Miss Dickens which one of her books she liked best. "I think the one the author likes best," she said, "is the one that comes nearest to the dream—which so pitifully vanishes, doesn't it, between the head and the paper? No, I shan't tell it to you."

• • •

Still another summer visitor to New York was French Foreign Legionnaire Henry Szarek, here to promote the forthcoming movie re-make of your old favorite, *Beau Geste.* We found Sgt. Szarek, who in the picture does not have a speaking role (he plays, among other things, one of the dead soldiers who still hold the fort), not only very much alive but a remarkable fellow indeed.

A Pole originally, at twelve he was sent, by the Nazis, to a forced-labor camp. He has fought under four flags—the Polish, the British, the French, and the American. With quiet pride he told us that the Foreign Legion was still the finest fighting force in the world. "They don't mind dying," he explained. "After all, it relieves them, in a sense, of the reason they joined the Legion in the first place."

Of 1,400 men in Szarek's battalion in Indochina, only forty-eight ever came back—and of those, every one, including himself, was wounded. The sergeant told us that there was a Spanish Foreign Legion, too, but that only the French had the real *esprit de corps.* "Whenever a Legionnaire gets into trouble in a street fight or anywhere," he told us, "all he has to do is shout '*A moi la Legion!*' and from somewhere, some Legionnaire will come to help him."

Now an American citizen, working for Sanders Associates, Sgt. Szarek saw little hope for a short war in Vietnam. "The Vietcong know every foot of every jungle," he said. "That's their advantage. It will be a long war." We asked him if someday America might have a Foreign Legion and even suggested a candidate—the CIA. To this, he had nothing to say. We did think, though, we heard him mutter, "*A moi la Legion!*"

• • •

Out in Chicago during the month we attended a remarkable ceremony put on by the educational TV station, WTTW, and emceed by Robert Cromie, of N.E.T. *Book Beat* fame, and actress Brenda Forbes Shepard. The event was a banquet in honor of the country's first nationwide television play-writing contest. Among the judges were Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt—and of more than 700 entries, the judges found 60 per cent "highly professional." Writers, in other words, with no outlets—a sad commentary indeed, when compared to regular Hollywood writers with obviously too many outlets.

In any case, the winners, all of whom will have their scripts produced by N.E.T., were the Rev. Edward G. Bierhaus, Jr., an Episcopalian minister, of Branford, Connecticut, for his comedy, *Smite Me Friendly;* Robert Neal Black, a Chicago corset manufacturer, for his drama, *The Fall of Millie Dee;* Ken Ancell, a producer for an ad agency, for his musical, *The Commuter;* and Luther Kepler, Jr., of Penn State TV station WPSX, for his adaptation, *An Evening with Ambrose Bierce.* A bit of irony, however—another winner, for his mystery play, *The Man on the Staircase, was* a Hollywoodian, Forrest Fickling. He was the "creator" of *Honey West.*

"But," he protested, "they ruined it. I don't have anything to do with it now."

We told him we knew how it felt, and the next time it happened, just to shout "*A moi la Legion!*"—and we'd be there.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.



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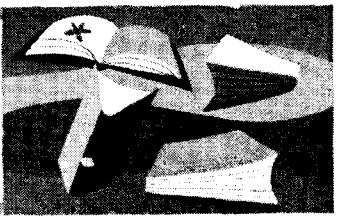
# Trade Winds



**I got aboard** the Number 33 bus in Queens to take me to La Guardia Airport and the ——— Air Lines plane to Boston. In the very back seat of the bus was a man hunched over, with both hands at his face. On closer examination I noticed two things:

1) He was pulling his upper eyelid over his lower in an attempt to remove some foreign object from his left eye.

2) He was wearing the uniform and stripes that indicated he was a pilot for ——— Air Lines.

"Didja get it?" a solicitous bus passenger asked.

"Nope," the pilot replied, "but it'll probably come out sooner or later."

At the end of the bus line, the pilot got off, rubbing and blinking his eye and, I thought, sort of *feeling* his way along. I waited and took the *other* air line to Boston.

**We have known** for a long time that lawyers tend to phrase things in legal language that only they themselves can unravel for us. Every once in a while, a jurist feels the hot breath of newspaper coverage on his neck and he goes literary as well. It's a frightening combination, as proved by Judge Bernard A. Kosicki of the Connecticut Circuit Court when he wrote an opinion clearing *The Sex Diary of Gerard Sorme* of obscenity charges.

After noting that the book's language "does not tend to ennoble the animated murmur of genteel society over its fragrant and stimulating teacups," Judge Kosicki went on: "Although we may deplore the atavistic regression in words and phrases so often encountered in such books, and express individual concern that this tendency, if unabatedly persisted in, will tend to reduce the beauty and majesty of our civilized language—evolved over thousands of years of thought-provoking struggle—to a crumbling, shapeless, inordinate rubble, we cannot asseverate to ourselves, in the performance of our judicial duties, the role of arbiters of words, language or expression."

Objection, Your Honor!

**On November 14, 1959,** Houston, Texas, celebrated the 117th birthday of Walter Washington Williams, a trooper in the Civil War and an honorary Five-Star General. He was said to be the oldest veteran of the conflict. When he died a month later a national day of mourning was declared by the White House, and trooper Washington was buried with full military honors. He had been receiving a Texas pension of $300 a month and a monthly federal pension of $135.45.

Would you believe a chap could live to be 117? Would you believe 110? Would you believe———? Apparently the nation believed, but not Norris McWhirter, compiler of the *Guinness Book of World Records,* and a never-say-die researcher. In the newest edition of this fact-filled volume is the "truth" of the matter, which is that trooper Washington was "only" 104 when he died.

That's a ripe old age, and I don't want to take anything away from it. But if you believe it, that means that trooper Washington would have been six years old when the Civil War began.

It was fun while it lasted.

**Sharps and Flats:** There was a song about "The Girl in the Yellow Polka Dot Bikini." There was a movie about a mad doctor and his gold bikini machine. There is going to be a movie called *The Diamond Bikini,* and for all I know, someone is working on *The Invisible Bikini.* But no one has explained the origin of the name. We exploded a bomb on the Bikini atoll, is all I know. What's that got to do with skimpy swim-wear?

► Swiss cheese comes from Finland.

► New York City subway cars have loudspeakers in them, over which announcements are made of the next stop. But each announcement is made while the train is moving, so you can't hear a word of it. So you use a newly developed method of looking out the windows to see where you are.

► When Mark Twain was having a difficult time trying to learn German for his second trip abroad, he wrote in his notebook that "once the German language gets hold of a cat, it's goodbye cat," and he decided he would rather decline two drinks than one verb.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

*"My answer is maybe, and that's final."*

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Helen Howe:
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A true son of Rhode Island was known by the skill with which he ate his clams steaming from the wet seaweed: dipping them in melted butter, and disposing of them over his shoulder with such dispatch that he could manage always to keep one clamshell in the air.



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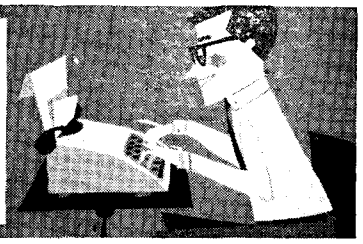
# Top of My Head



## O Yez, O Yez, O Yez

I AM, and do herewith legally represent, the undersigned. Having watched the Perry Mason program on TV from its inception many years ago until its final adjournment, I am unequivocally qualified, anything hereinafter, or ipso facto, notwithstanding.

With the court's indulgence I depone further that, like Mr. Mason, I have never lost a case; the fact that I have never tried a case notwithstanding. What's to try? As our blindfolded Lady of the Scales puts it in Latin: "It is not whether you win or lose. It's how much."

My client's case, shorn of labored, legal longiloquence—if your honor will pardon the alliteration—comes to this: "Can an insurance company live happily with its conscience, when said client had a theft (not "had" in the sense that invitations were sent with placecards and all that) and his room in a hotel was criminally, and I must add cleverly, invaded while my client was out, by a person or persons uninvited, and all his wife's jewelry snatched, and the insurance company, after paying the claim to my client, did cancel said policy?"

The plaintiff offers exhibits A and B from two insurance companies. To wit (each sharing half the wit): Form number 040-21-A from Company A cancelling said policy in six days as of twelve o'clock noon; and form number G-2298-0 from Company B cancelling the policy in five days, no specified hour. Begging the court's indignance, may I ask what was their hurry? The jewelry was already stolen.

My client has for some thirty years paid premiums to these insurance companies in the amount of many thousands of dollars. During this span claims were made totaling something less than $400. They paid these small losses and continued the policies in full force. During these years the insurance companies invested my client's premiums in a manner that must have been quite profitable, judging from their financial reports. Now in one fell swoop my client has become undesirable, unwanted, unloved, to say nothing of uninsured.

My client lives in dread of the day when he dies and the insurance companies pay the claim and then will mail my client forms 040-21-A and G-2298-0, warning that his life insurance will be cancelled in five days, as of 12 o'clock noon. Unless they consider this so small a loss that they will continue the policies and annual premiums in full force.

Begging the court's somnolescence, my client hopes to arouse your honor by calling attention to an unwritten code in the insurance racket that considers people in the entertainment business theft-prone; not particularly welcome as policyholders. This malicious philosophy is based on the activities of a certain Mr. Milton Berle in the entertainment business, who is alleged to have stolen material from others in the entertainment field. The aforesaid insurance companies, hereinafter referred to as the Establishment, knew for certain that my client was a member of this dishonorable profession, yet through all the years they accepted his stage money.

I sincerely trust that your honor will not consider me in contempt if I suggest that my client hopes the person or persons unknown who invaded his hotel room and took his wife's jewelry have non-cancellable policies. But of course the insurance companies do not discriminate against *their* profession. They are not in the entertainment business.

The New York State Insurance Board, watchdog of the insurance companies, has made no effort to correct these inequities. Whereas it has indeed, notwithstanding and heretofore and hereafter, accepted these factos as ipsos. A modus vivendi. That means "way of life," your honor.

Consider, your honor, if the wife of the Governor of this Empire State had suffered a jewelry loss. (I'm sure Mr. Rockefeller must have bought her many valuable jewels. It's a cinch he is not giving New York City very much.) If her policies were cancelled (she does entertain a lot, I read) then there would be a complete overhaul of the insurance companies' policies policy.

In the meanwhile my client begs the court's insouciance, and hopes that his honor will consider the plight of my client and countless other hapless victims of this shady practice and render a verdict against the Establishment of "Shame on you, in the first degree."

—GOODMAN ACE.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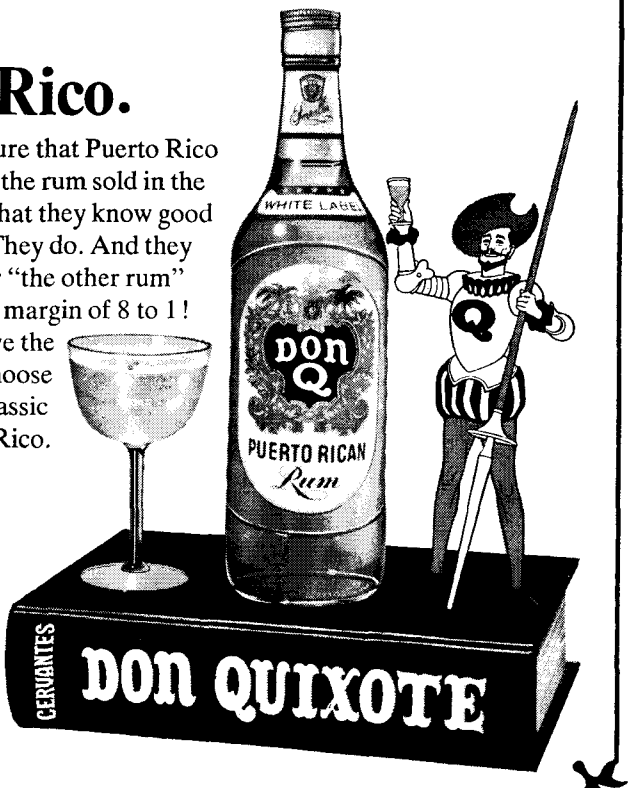


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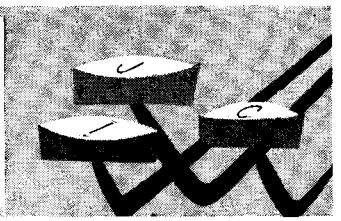
# Manner of Speaking



**The World's Largest Crucifix:** A few days ago I was driving north on US-MICH 27 out of Lansing, my mind half on automatic-pilot and half in the jungles of reverie. Such a mental division may well be the most natural condition of twentieth-century man; his surface habits push-buttoned to the conditionings of his technology, his nervous system forever reaching underground to the tree from which a collateral ape gibbered down to become father of the mind's own maunder into itself.

In that middling state, my mind's eye fell glassily upon a road sign, and I found I was already well past it before its message registered on my consciousness. Somewhere ahead of me, on or via route 27, lay a moment of advertised holiness, though all I could clearly call back to memory from my half-registered impression was the word "Shrine," followed by the announcement, "World's Largest Crucifix."

The sign stands on the east side of the road about twenty miles, at a guess, north of Lansing. I did think of turning back to jot down the full dutiful details. Satisfied, however, that I had scooped the gist of it, I drove on, my mind already settled into a new reverie.

In what sense, I found myself wondering, could the world's largest crucifix be said to be larger than the world's smallest? What act of piety is size?

Somewhere, it occurred to me, the keepers of such statistics would inevitably find one physical crucifix larger than any other. Above some synagogue somewhere there must gleam the world's largest Star of David. Somewhere in surviving antiquity there must be the temple with the most columns still in place. One head on Easter Island and one monolith in the Stonehenge cromlech must qualify, if only to record keepers, as some sort of record breakers. Some Eastern Orthodox basilica must have the largest onion-bulb dome, some Catholic cathedral must offer the most stained glass to the light, some minaret in Islam must tower highest toward Allah, and somewhere in the residual memories of Assyria and Babylon one ziggurat must attest most massively to whatever diety took down (or took up) the testimony.

And so, through all the misplaced mind of man, to whatever seeks to climb to idea by raising towers of Babel, or by hacking out those Mount Rushmores in which the midget imagination hides its evident smallness behind mere size—man is forever the largest dwarf and the smallest giant. Even my reverie-in-no-order, I was ready to believe, was toward the size of idea more hopefully than any colossus could be.

Still in reverie, I recalled that in Bangkok last summer I had been guided through various vats, including one that contained—or so I was told—the world's largest Buddha, or the world's largest reclining Buddha, as the case may be. Clearly, the impulse to confuse physical dimension with the dimension of idea is not specific to the United States, though we have brought that impulse to some manifestations of our own.

The size of a Buddha may, to some extent, be relevant as a measure of piety, for devout Buddhists bring bits of gold-leaf as their offering and eventually gild the Buddha with their prayers. The largest Buddha, or reclining Buddha, of all, however, is not gold-leafed. It is painted gold over concrete, some of which shows through where the paint has flaked, and the most devout of the gold-leafing faithful could not begin to reach its heights unless it were encased in a scaffolding that would hide it from view.

The Buddha lies there in testimony to nothing I can identify but its own size. Or perhaps its hugeness seeks to express the largeness of the intended offering of the faithful, as the pyramids, cathedrals, ziggurats, minarets, stoneheads, and pagodas may signify by their size the greatness of a people's devotion; though as often as not such massive monuments have testified primarily to a tyrant's wish to immortalize himself, his legend stepping to heaven over the welted backs of his slave gangs.

Master Longinus, to be sure, has asserted a certain magnitude as a necessary element of the sublime, but Longinus never claimed that size alone was the measure. His essence could be more accurately called emotional mass, a summoning of greatly perceived principle into forms of an appropriate magnitude. The world's longest scratch could not have lifted the grief of Oedipus to sublimity, but two smallish gashes in the eyeballs spoke magnitude enough for all time to memorialize as acts of a great soul.

A crucifix, I decided, has no real standing as an object. It is by nature a symbol, and it can no more be enlarged by adding to its physical size than piety can be added to by being advertised in the terms one might use for the world's largest twenty-five-cent hot-dog.

I cannot honestly number myself among the pious and I have frequently had the experience of being consigned among the unholy, probably with reason on the side of the consigner. I am, however, some sort of symbolist, if only by self-assertion, and taking it upon myself to speak for all symbolists, I drove on to the conclusion that all physical crucifixes exist in the same dimensions, that the road sign (at least symbolically speaking) was a piece of false advertising, and that the world's largest crucifix cannot be reached via US-MICH 27, or by any other auto route. The world's largest crucifix is an idea, and except in idea, no crucifix has any dimension that makes a difference.

**Making a Difference:** Just before I left for Michigan, my wife and I happily made two of a distinguished company invited to the U.N. Embassy in the Waldorf Towers by Ambassador and Mrs. Goldberg to honor Marianne Moore. A distinguished company is one from which one may hope to hear an insight phrased, and I was not disappointed, except by the slipshod coverage of the event in the next morning's *Times*.

After Miss Moore and several poet-ambassadors had read briefly, Mrs. Goldberg invited a colloquy on the position of the artist.

Somewhere in the discussion Stanley Kunitz spoke of the artist as a man who is willing to be ruthless with himself and who has learned how to insist that society let him be ruthless.

There, I submit, is a thought any man may well try on as a measure of the size of mind, and from a speaker I am sorry to say I did not identify, it called forth another:

"If the artist does manage to be ruthless with himself," said the voice, "must we not think of him as the luckiest of men? How many men can afford the luxury of being ruthless with themselves in their dream of doing a perfect thing?"

Let me believe that the nations will never be better united than at that level of discourse, and may all men win freedom to be ruthless with themselves for the joy of it—the joy of it being, of course, what Robert Frost used to call "the pleasure of taking pains," which may or may not be the world's greatest pleasure, but which certainly is a better thing than giving them.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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# SR Recommends

## BOOKS

### Nonfiction

**LYNDON B. JOHNSON AND THE WORLD,** Philip L. Geyelin. Praeger, $5.95 (*SR*, June 18)—Coolly appraises the effect on international relations of the President's complexity, and his many virtues and weaknesses—the greatest of which, the author says, is his distrust of intellectual capacity.

**U THANT: THE SEARCH FOR PEACE,** June Bingham. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR*, June18)—Burma's tradition and recent political history provide the backdrop for an intensely human portrayal of the U.N. Secretary General.

**MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN: A BIOGRAPHY,** Justin Kaplan. Simon & Schuster, $7.95 (*SR*, June 18)—Mr. Kaplan's is the most fully researched and best-documented of the many studies of this contradictory personality, yet it reads like a good novel.

**IDEOLOGY AND ORGANIZATION IN COMMUNIST CHINA,** Franz Schurmann. University of California Press, $12.50 (*SR*, June 11)—A hard-to-read but masterful and well-integrated picture of contemporary Chinese society vis-à-vis the Soviet experience.

**KHRUSHCHEV: A CAREER,** Edward Crankshaw. Viking, $7.50 (*SR*, June 25)—A multitude of details, vividly presented, illuminate not only the man but the Revolution and its aftermath.

**ART AND PHILOSOPHY: A SYMPOSIUM,** edited by Sidney Hook. New York University Press, $6.50 (*SR*, June 11)—Provides a spectrum of viewpoints on the arts and their relation to reality.

**A GIANT STEP,** Clyde T. Ellis. Random House, $5 (*SR*, June 18)—The struggles of the REA and the NRECA to bring electric power to rural America are recorded by a pioneer in the effort.

**THE SPANISH INQUISITION,** Henry Kamen. New American Library, $5.95 and **A HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN CHRISTIAN SPAIN, VOL. II,** Yitzhak Baer. Jewish Publication Society of America, $6 (*SR*, June 18)—Theorize that the expulsion and autos da fé of 1492 were not solely the work of Catholic bigots but were encouraged by the greed of the nobility and the emergent Spanish middle class.

**THE NEW RADICALS,** Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau. Random House, hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $1.95 (*SR*, June 4)—Documents the history of militant new student movements.

**WHAT HAPPENED AT ROME?** Gary MacEoin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95 (*SR*, June 4)—A brief account of Pope John's Council that pulls no punches.

**AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH,** John L. McKenzie, S.J. Sheed & Ward, $3.95 (*SR*, June 4)—A brilliant study of New Testament texts charging the clergy to be humble.

**TEILHARD DE CHARDIN AND THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST,** Christopher L. Mooney, S.J. Harper & Row, $6 (*SR*, June 4)—Synthesizes Teilhard's effort to rethink the data of revelation concerning Jesus in the context of biological evolution.

**HIROHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN,** Leonard Mosley. Prentice-Hall, $7.95 (*SR*, June 25)—Enlarges on why the Emperor could have stopped the militarists if he had tried.

**VOICES OF DESPAIR: FOUR MOTIFS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE,** Edward Stone. Ohio University Press, $5 (*SR*, June 25)—How contemporary scientific theories affected American writing from Emerson to today is the substance of these four essays.

**LEARNED LADY: LETTERS FROM ROBERT BROWNING TO MRS. THOMAS FITZGERALD 1876-1889,** ed. by Edward C. McAleer. Harvard Press, $5.50 (*SR*, June 11)—The editor's notes make these witnesses to the last fourteen years of the poet's life as valuable to the lover of Browning as to the specialist.

### Fiction

**THE MISSION,** Hans Habe; tr. from the German by Michael Bullock. Coward-McCann, $6 (*SR*, June 4)—The author draws upon his observations at the Evan conference of July, 1938 in this fictionalized account in which the delegates turn down a Nazi secret offer to allow the emigration of Jews on the receipt of $250 a head.

**PEOPLE IN THE SUMMER NIGHT,** Frans Eemil Sillanpaa; tr. from the Finnish by Alan Blair. University of Wisconsin Press, $4 (*SR*, June 11)—Some forty vignettes picturing the human predicament, with its manifold problems as experienced by all manner of Finns, comprise an impressive work by the 1939 Nobel Prize-winner in Literature.

**THE LAST GENTLEMAN,** Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95 (*SR*, June 18)—This story of a young Southerner—a man born out of his time—has the same wit as *The Moviegoer* and the same power to shake the reader's assumptions.

**GAMES IN THE DARKENING AIR,** Peter Boynton. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95 (*SR*, June 4)—In this consistently rich and interesting first novel, a young man searching for a father finds three candidates, each of whom has an unorthodox compulsion.

**THE PREMIER • THE TRAIN,** Georges Simenon; tr. from the French respectively by Daphne Woodward and Robert Baldick. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95 (*SR*, June 4)—Two novelle, each one of which centers on one deeply revealed character, the first a master manipulator, the second a compliant manipulee.

**LANDSCAPE IN CONCRETE,** Jakov Lind; tr. from the German by Ralph Manheim. Grove, $4.50 (*SR*, June 25)—The contemporary nightmare at its most desperate is bared by means of imagery and allegory.

**A SEASON IN THE LIFE OF EMMANUEL,** Marie-Claire Blais; tr. from the French by Derek Coltman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50 (*SR*, June 25)—Flashes of humor, affection, and poetry lighten this account of the unremitting misery of a French Canadian farm family.

## THEATER

**MAME** (*SR*, June 11)—Angela Lansbury, Beatrice Arthur, Jane Connell and others make this musical comedy version even better than the Broadway hit of 1956.

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** (*SR*, June 18)—How Ethel Merman has grown since she first sang these songs in 1946! (Closes July 9)

**PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!, CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, THE ODD COUPLE.**

## MOVIES

**A YOUNG WORLD, HAMLET** (The Russian version).

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*Saturday Review*
July 2, 1966

# The Chinese-Soviet Gap Widens

**An eyewitness report, based on two months' travel inside Red China, of increasing friction and the possibility of border hostilities**

By HUGO PORTISCH

THE FACT of sharp differences between China and the Soviet Union is obvious. Their ideological background is well known. How deep are their roots? What is likely to be their outcome?

Like most Western journalists who have been admitted to China, I looked for answers to these questions throughout my travels there. I found revealing clues to China's viewpoint of its long-term relationship with Soviet Russia. I think the Soviets are well aware of the Chinese viewpoint.

One particularly revealing incident occurred during my visit to Changchun in Northeast China, close to the Chinese-Soviet border. Before going to China's Northeast, I had been told by East European diplomats that "there is a lot going on along the border [of the Soviet Union]," and that they frankly felt quite uneasy about it. Only a few hours after arriving there I had occasion to understand one reason for this uneasiness.

Quarters had been reserved for me in the city's best hotel, built by the Japanese when Changchun was the capital of Japan's puppet-state, Manchukuo. The radio set on the desk in my room was Chinese-made, trade-mark "Shanghai." I switched it on and turned the dial: one Russian station after another, with few Chinese voices in between. Radio Vladivostok was to be heard quite clearly—not jammed, I suppose, because it was a broadcast in the Russian language.

I looked out the window and across the square in front of the railroad station. Never before in my travels through China had I seen so many soldiers. They were dressed in sandy-yellow uniforms, rifles on their shoulders, heavy packs on their backs. One platoon after another emerged from the railroad station, marched across the square and up the wide avenue that, as I learned the next day, bears the name of Stalin.

At 4 a.m. I was awakened by heavy machine-gun and rifle fire. It sounded like a battle. Then I heard the soldiers march again, the noise of their boots even more rhythmical than the machine-guns.

I MET my interpreter after breakfast. "Was there a battle going on this morning?" I asked him.

"Why?"

"Didn't you hear the guns, and the soldiers marching?"

"Yes" he answered, "but this was a normal exercise. We have them here frequently." When we stepped out of the hotel, sure enough, everything was quite peaceful. But soldiers were still pouring from the station.

What was the reason for this? One could draw the conclusion that China merely keeps its powder dry in this area, so close to the Soviet border. Or was there more to it? Was it a show of strength, of preparedness? Was it pressure against the Soviet Union, which the Chinese leaders no longer regard as a "pure" Communist power?

"China is a threat for the Soviet Union as well." How often had I heard and read this statement? It was—and is—based obviously on such experiences as mine in Changchun; on countless border incidents in the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan region; on the Chinese-Soviet ideological dispute; on a number of official Chinese maps showing China's former (and perhaps future?) borders well inside what is today Soviet territory.

At Chinese universities, in party headquarters, at the Museum for Chinese History and Revolution, and in the former Imperial Library in Peking, I had plenty of opportunity to discuss with Chinese officials their thoughts and ambitions concerning the world outside China. They seemed to be quite realistic in their judgment, getting passionate only when they talked about the "American aggression" in Vietnam and the "treachery" of the Soviet Union. "China has no intention of going to war, either in Vietnam or anywhere else"—they repeated this phrase again and again. But they also took pains to explain in detail how the world looked to them.

"HERE is China," a typical declaration went, "3,500 years old, if not 4,000, larger than the United States, as large as Europe up to the Urals, with a population of about 700 million people. Wouldn't you agree that China is one of the great nations of the world? At least the predominant power in Asia?

"But what happened to us? In the nineteenth century one European power after another attacked us, tried to tear us into pieces—the British, French, Germans, Portuguese, and then, of course, the Russians and Japanese. Within fifty years China was divided in 'spheres of interests.' All the main cities and harbors were practically under foreign control, our trade completely exploited by foreign interests, including American."

They explained at great length how China's pride was wounded, that it was

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Hugo Portisch, one of Europe's most respected journalists, is editor-in-chief of Vienna's largest newspaper, *Kurier*, and author of the recently published *Red China Today* (Quadrangle), from which *SR* published major excerpts on April 30.



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this onslaught of foreign powers that brought about all the resistance movements, the secret societies, the modern political parties, including the Kuomintang and the Communist party, which—more than anything else—wanted again to see China strong, united, and free.

The time when China was a "toy ball" in the hands of foreign powers is today called by the Chinese "the darkest days of our history." And it should not be overlooked that one of the main psychological forces that contributed to the downfall of Chiang Kai-shek was his close cooperation with the Western powers. "China for the Chinese" became one of the most forceful battle cries of the Chinese Communists when they set out to conquer this country.

The Communists have only partly achieved their national goal. The struggle goes on. The Japanese were driven out (by combined efforts of the Chinese Nationalists and Communists, the Americans, the British and the Russians); the Communists then got rid of the British and French; they smashed American business interests, and even expelled—if not murdered—European and American missionaries. They managed to get the Russians out of Northeast China, then called Manchuria—where the Soviets had to give up their interests in harbor and railroad rights (Port Arthur and the Manchurian Railroad).

Still, they contend, the battle against imperialistic inroads in China is not over. What the Communists have achieved, in their opinion, is the emergence of China from a status of "semi-colonialism" into what they call a "powerful free China." And it was not so much Communism that made the majority of the Chinese fight under the Red Banner, but Chinese nationalism, the Chinese wish to get rid of foreign domination. That, too, we should bear in mind when we try to analyze China's foreign policy today.

Clearly enough, China today wants to be acknowledged as the predominant power of Asia. It also wants a guarantee that foreign powers—including the Soviets—will not again set out to "tear China into pieces." And the Chinese leaders feel themselves surrounded—encircled by powers that are not at all Asian but seek to isolate China. They fear that other Asian states may willingly go on providing bases for the powerful European and American "foes of China." (South Korea, Formosa, South Vietnam, Thailand, and the Philippines are just a few examples for them, as is also Outer Mongolia, which sides with the Soviets.) Therefore—and not only because their Marxist-Leninist theories drive them to do it, the Chinese leaders would like to see China surrounded by countries "friendly toward China."

They claim that they do not want to replace foreign—meaning European and American—influence in the Asian countries by their own, Chinese, dominance. But they clearly state and believe that Communism, their type of Communism, would bring all Asian nations the independence they need, and they trust that this struggle will be won by those who follow Chinese advice and accept Chinese help.

This manner of thinking sets the pattern for Chinese foreign policy. It has two emphases. There is the national struggle of China to regain its complete sovereignty over all that once was China and to regain its status as a dominant Asian as well as world power. And, on the other hand, there is also China's Communist emphasis, to surround itself with nations ruled by pro-Chinese, possibly Communist, governments.

WITHIN the last fifteen years we have seen some conspicuous results of the national struggle of the Chinese Communists. The mainland was conquered. The invasion of Tibet followed—and, significantly enough, got the blessing of the Nationalist Chinese in Formosa, who also claimed that Tibet always had been a province of China. Then China requested the return of even those mountainous, cold, desert regions which the British once had carved out of China and had added to their Indian property. Since the newly independent Indian Government did not hand these regions over to the Chinese, but kept what the British conquered, the Peking government found it worthwhile to go to war in order to restore the old Chinese borders.

Many experts held and still hold the view that these regions are of strategic value for China. Only a few have suggested that they might be of even greater value for Chinese nationalism. They had to be regained if the Chinese Government wanted to be faithful to its own national aim: to restore Chinese sovereignty over all parts which once belonged to China and were taken away by European imperialistic powers.

There are other regions which once belonged to China: Hong Kong, for instance, and Macao, and Formosa. "There are these three islands," China's Foreign Minister Marshal Chen Yi told me. "They have waited for fifteen years to be liberated. They might as well wait for another fifteen years. These are problems time will solve."

This remark did not show any anxiety about getting hold of "these three islands." It sounded restrained. But there is an explanation for this restraint: Hong Kong today is China's most important outlet for trade, China's most important source for foreign income; Formosa is protected by the United States, and any attempt to invade it must fail. But the central fact here, as Communist China sees it, is that the three islands are Chinese. They are not ruled by the Communist government, but nobody ever will question their Chinese character, and in the long run—"time will solve this problem"—they cannot be denied to China.

So far we have dealt with regions—provinces and islands—which once were taken away from China by the Western powers and Japan. China has either regained them or expects them to fall into its lap sooner or later. But there are others, much larger regions China has not yet claimed—at least directly. They also were conquered by a European power, by imperialists, by the Russian Czars. A look at the map shows that these regions, in size as well as in significance, outdo by far all other Chinese claims up to date.

Some of these regions, bordering the Chinese province of Sinkiang, are today part of the Russian Orient, part of the

*—Eastfoto.*

**Peking students protest harassment by the Soviet Government of students participating in anti-U.S. demonstrations in Moscow.**



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Soviet Republic Kazakhstan. As recently as 1881 they belonged to China. The Russian Far East, the area around Vladivostok, was under Chinese rule until 1858. Even the island Sakhalin, which the Soviets conquered from Japan, was originally taken away from China by the Japanese; not to mention Outer Mongolia, which for a long time was ruled by the Chinese but is today a part of the Soviet hemisphere.

One could well assume that China, having gone to great lengths to regain all the territory once conquered by the Western powers and Japan, will hardly abandon its claim to these territories once taken from it by another European imperialistic power, Czarist Russia. What sense would it make to fight India about a piece of desert, but to forget these vast regions in the north?

Certainly there is a decisive difference between those territories formerly or presently held by the Western powers and Japan and those incorporated into the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is a Socialist state. If China still recognized this fact it should be of no great importance whether these territories are ruled by Russian or by Chinese Communists. But Peking more and more denies the Russians the privilege of calling themselves "genuine Communists." Furthermore, and much more important, the Western powers, no matter how strongly they are engaged in Asia today or in the near future, are not in Asia to stay there. The Chinese know that. But the Soviets are in Asia to stay. China is well aware of this, too. The "problem" of the Northern regions—if it is one for the Chinese leaders—will not be solved by time alone.

Still, it would be a great mistake to see this problem only in connection with China's national struggle to regain its former borders. There is also the ideological struggle between China and the Soviet Union—China is trying to get control of the world Communist movement. But there are strong national undertones in this debate. Russia and China blame each other for being "chauvinistic," for having a "great-power complex." Ultimately, one can assume, even this ideological conflict will be overshadowed by a genuine national power struggle.

Because the Soviet Union is in Asia to stay, it also claims, and claims loudly, to be an Asian power. That settles it, and reaches far beyond the pure ideological conflict between the two leaderships.

In Chinese eyes the Soviet Union is a European power and a European power alone, a "white" power, which just carries on what the imperialistic Czars started: colonizing a huge part of Asia, notwithstanding large regions which formerly were controlled by China. And on top of it the Soviet Union, by claiming to be an Asian power, challenges China's position in Asia as the greatest and most powerful Asian nation.

If the Soviet Union were an underdeveloped country such as India, the Chinese probably would not care a great deal. But the Soviet Union is the world's second largest power, by far more powerful in any respect than China. Moscow offers a choice to other Asian nations which otherwise could choose only between a far-away America and a China which is very close. At least the Soviet claim has denied China an easy access to many Asian areas.

This became obvious during the time of the Chinese-Indian border conflict, when the Soviet Union almost immediately sided with India. It became even more obvious when the Indians and Pakistanis accepted Premier Kosygin's invitation to settle their war by peace-talks on Soviet territory—in Tashkent, in Soviet Asia, the Soviet Union being host as an Asian power to other Asian powers. Even North Vietnam, so close to China and so far away from the Soviet Union, still knows how to escape certain Chinese embraces by playing Moscow against Peking. Not to mention the Vietnam war, where in Chinese eyes the Americans could only intervene because the Soviet Union showed no intention of applying pressure against the United States in Europe and elsewhere.

The Chinese also hold the Soviet Union at least partly responsible for many more failures Chinese foreign policy has had to suffer in the past two years. China almost succeeded in establishing a pro-Chinese Communist rule in Zanzibar, off the East coast of Africa, and held the hope of Zanzibar's becoming China's "Cuba" in Africa. The attempt failed. The Chinese-supported rebels in the Congo were defeated. On the eve of the Chinese-inspired Afro-Asian Summit Conference in Algiers, China's friend Ben Bella was ousted in Algeria. It was this conference the Chinese wanted to use to get an overwhelming vote against the Soviet Union's claim to be an Asian power. Instead, most of the Afro-Asian nations turned their back on China, and the conference never took place.

Then came the already mentioned war between India and Pakistan, partly triggered by Chinese promises to support Pakistan. The war was settled with the Soviet Union's help; China lost face when it could not live up to its two ultimatums against India. But the biggest blow China suffered was still to come: The pro-Chinese Communist Party in Indonesia failed in an attempt to take over the government; a revolt was smashed by the anti-Communist army, and China had lost its best and biggest Asian ally, Indonesia.

Other blows followed: China's friend in Ghana, President Nkrumah, was ousted on the day he arrived for a state visit in Peking. China's most prominent ally in East Africa, Odinga Oginga in Kenya, was chased away just a few weeks later. Even Fidel Castro, who ideologically sympathized with the Chinese view of permanent world revolution, has had to submit completely to the Soviet point of view lately.

True, these failures are not all due alone to the Soviets. But if the Soviet Union had backed the Chinese policy many of these failures could have been avoided.

So if we assume that China's foreign policy today is based on the two principles—of national struggle aimed at re-

**Main square of Peking at ten o'clock in the morning—no traffic.**



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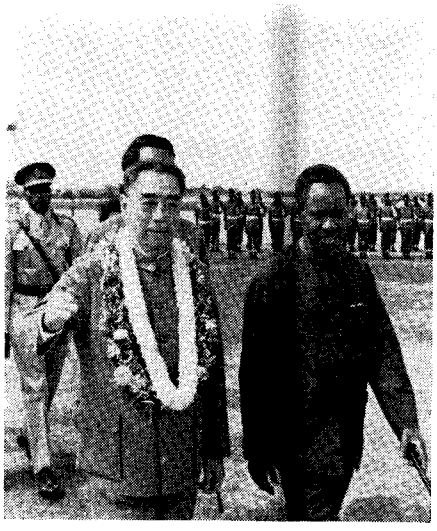
—Pictorial Parade.

**A military welcome—troops are a common sight in China, especially along the vast Soviet-Chinese border.**

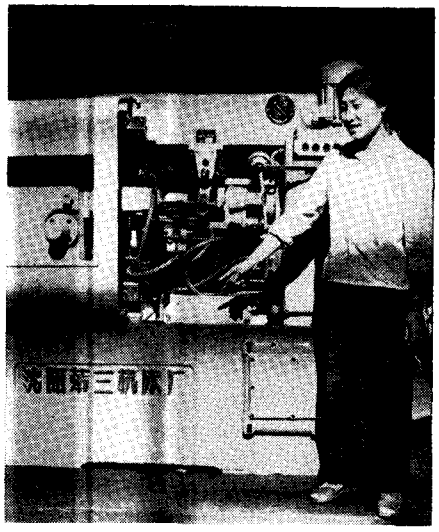
—Pictorial Parade.

**Along the frontier—defense projects hint at growing unease between Asia's giants.**



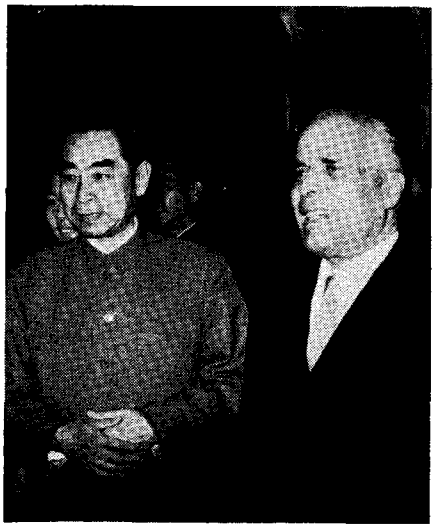
—Pictorial Parade.

**Chou En-lai with President Nyerere in Tanzania—the U.S.S.R. is blamed for some setbacks in Africa.**



—Hugo Portisch.

**"Made in China"—Chinese industrial progress has slowed with the withdrawal of Soviet aid.**



—Paris Match.

**Chou En-lai and Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba—another symbol of Chinese failures in foreign affairs.**

—Eastfoto.

**Symbol of ideological conflict—a student returns after having been wounded in demonstrations in Moscow.**

—London Daily Express.

**Symbol of national aspirations—not the U.S. but Russia is regarded as China's chief rival for Asian power.**



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gaining China's former borders, and of making China the leading power in Asia and even Africa—it is quite clear that this Chinese policy is not only challenged by the United States, but that the Soviet challenge seems of a much more lasting and deeper nature.

Nevertheless it would be dangerous to jump to quick conclusions. All my talks in China have, in my opinion, revealed that the Chinese leaders are as well aware of the strength of the United States as of the Soviet Union. And they are also very well aware of their own weakness, knowing that numbers alone don't count much in a world of tremendous nuclear arsenals, of rockets, and—above all—in a world in which underdeveloped China has to compete with the most developed industrial nations.

But the Chinese leaders believe strongly in the lesson they have learned during their own struggle for power in China: One has to be persistent; never give your enemy a breathing spell; keep up pressure wherever you can; hit when the enemy is weak; retreat where he is too strong. When the Chinese leaders send troops to the North, it might well be a part of the pressure they want to exert, just as a reminder that the challenge is there and will remain there. These troops stand for a claim, as do the incidents along the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan border. The development of nuclear weapons is designed to serve the same purpose. And so is the war in Vietnam.

"We are a giant," one of the Chinese politicians told me in Peking, "but we still feel the chains around our arms and legs." When I made the point that Chinese foreign policy itself seems to be at least partly responsible for these chains, he seemingly did not comprehend what I meant. "But we are not aggressive," he replied. "Are there any Chinese in Florida or on the Crimea?"

It might take a long time for Chinese leaders to understand the world outside China, as it obviously takes a long time for the world to understand some of the motives behind China's ambitions. But eventually China's conflict with the West might be solved, when each tries to understand what makes the other act or react. It will be much more difficult for the Soviets and the Chinese to find a similar basis of understanding. For both of them have their homes in Asia.

The only thing that again would bring the Chinese and the Soviets together—and in a hurry—would be any major attack on Communist China. The Soviet Union, as the leading Communist power, simply could not afford to stand idly by if it did not want to see its prestige in the Communist world completely ruined overnight—in spite of the fact that there is no love lost between the two Asian giants, and there is not likely to be for decades to come.

# THE CAUSES OF PEACE

## *Some Cautionary Notes for the Peace Movement*

By JOHN F. WHARTON

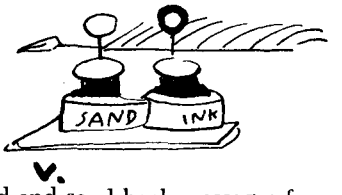
IN THE FALL of 1961 I ventured the prediction in these pages that, barring a miracle, the United States would be involved in a Chemical-Atomic-Biological (CAB) war within ten years. Many of my friends expressed rather pitying disbelief; they assured me that I should at least withdraw the ten-year prediction; it was much too short a span.

Less than half of that period has elapsed. While the United States itself is not involved in a major conflict, we are at war nonetheless. Gas and napalm already have been used. Recently, I saw a poll showing that one out of three Americans would approve the use of nuclear arms. A panel of scientists discussing population problems has declared that some of our problems appeared to be soluble only by atomic war, which, they remarked almost casually, seemed most likely. All in all, much as I hope that my prediction does not come true, I see no reason for withdrawing it.

Admittedly, there is much talk of peace. Great "convocations" are assembled. (I was a delegate to a World Federalist Convention in Tokyo; obtained a visitor's pass to a Peace and Disarmament Conference in Moscow; attended a convocation of Scientists for Survival in New York.) Official disarmament conferences meet regularly. The U. N. boasts of its peacekeeping activities among its members, presumably forgetting that only "peace-loving nations" are admitted to membership. Even the militarists express a love of peace; they often insist that their wars are fought to preserve it. But the wars continue. The atomic bomb club grows in members. How can one explain this dichotomy?

Clearly it is time for the peace movements of the last fifty years to take a hard look at what, *if anything*, they have accomplished. Some have clearly been a force for good; at a minimum these have kept alive the notion that world peace is *possible*. But they haven't brought peace much nearer.

Here and there, however, one can find some thinkers who offer a somewhat surprising explanation for the dichotomy set out above. Although they are not joined together in any movement, I shall, for convenience's sake, treat them as a group and apply the term *avant-garde*. I do not mean to imply, by using this term, that there is anything bizarre or incomprehensible in their thinking—quite the contrary. I simply mean that they are the sort of thinkers who, as one writer has put it, look at the current thinking with an open mind, then run




ahead and send back messages from the future. Many of the messages prove valueless, but the ones that take root are the cause of all human progress.

These *avant-garde* thinkers believe that the major peace movements are ineffective and incapable of *ever* stemming the tide of war because the thinking that underlies them is old-fashioned, confused, delusionary, and out-of-step with the findings of modern behavioral science. A quick rundown of their attitude toward the major peace movements will show why they hold to such a belief.

Let us begin with the current most popular program of both Communists and Capitalists: disarmament, particularly "complete and general disarmament." The *avant-garde* finds the thinking here both confused and delusionary: It confuses programs to limit the use of so-called heavy armament and programs designed to end all war. The latter *cannot* be achieved by disarmament; men have fought wars with sticks and stones as weapons; they could certainly fight one with the weapons of a modern police force, for which even the advocates of *complete* disarmament admit the need. As to the heavy armament, this cannot be eliminated unless one could eliminate all atomic power plants, farm machinery, and airplane factories which can quickly be converted into plants for producing bombs and bombers, tanks and missiles. We saw in 1942

John F. Wharton is a prominent New York attorney whose studies in the field of peace have produced a number of articles for *SR*. His most recent article in *SR*, "Plight of the Theater-Goer" (Jan. 22) grew out of another current activity: assisting theater interests and theater-goers in solving various long-standing problems.



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how rapidly our country beat its ploughshares and pruning hooks into swords, spears, tanks and fire bombs. Capping all of this delusionary thinking is the proposal to embody any agreed-on program in treaties between nations which reserve complete sovereignty—which means, of course, that any signatory can and will denounce the treaty if it believes its security threatened.

Standard pacifism—exhorting men to abstain from war—also seems completely hopeless to the *avant-garde*. To them it is only a special case of exhortation to stop sinning. The wise men and the prophets have delivered such exhortations for 6,000 years. They haven't stopped Man from sinning and they are not likely to stop him from warring.

The *avant-garde* find very little hope in such a program as World Peace Through Law, without any legislature to make the law or any police to enforce it. They find no hope at all in programs (old-fashioned pacifism is one) that ignore the fact that human beings can be roused to a pitch of hatred and anger where, as we say, they "lose control of themselves"; in that state men will use the handiest weapons and the side which fears to lose will certainly use the most destructive ones. Some programs pathetically ignore the existence of people who accept war as part of life. Particularly pathetic are the programs that ignore the rise of movements such as the Nazis, which, when running in high gear, can be stopped only by force.

The most important peace movement today *does* take account of most human weaknesses—alas, not all. This is the Clark-Sohn movement, set out in the brilliant and profound book by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn, *World Peace Through World Law* (not to be confused with the World Peace Through Law movement). In Tokyo, the World Federalists adopted the Clark-Sohn book as their Bible, so this is a two-pronged drive. It looks toward the creation of a world government with a legislature, executive branch, courts and police; it is full of hard thinking and creative ideas. Unfortunately, it proposes to limit the power of the world government to keeping the peace (on the earth and in outer space); it therefore is attractive only to those groups who put world peace at the top of human goals.

Unhappily, there are *no* dynamic leadership groups who do not have some goal they wish to achieve—or some other group's goal which they wish to prevent—much more than they wish world peace. For example, perhaps 2 billion people want racial equality more than they want peace; our own people want to prevent "Communist infiltration" more than they want peace. President Kennedy, a true peace-lover, threatened to plunge the world into atomic war to prevent the Soviets from achieving their goal of bases in Cuba. President Johnson obviously preferred war to loss of face in Asia. Whether you agree or disagree with what these Presidents did, you must admit that they did not subordinate all other goals to world peace, and most of our citizens backed them up.

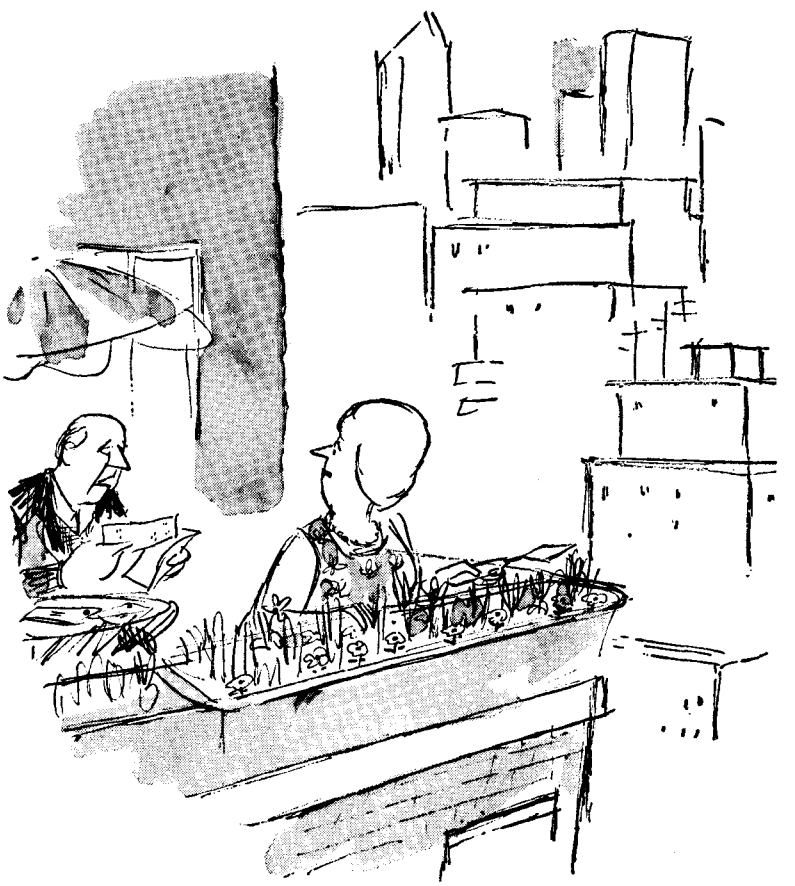
THE idea of a super-state with power only to keep the peace denies the tremendous human drives for *change*. It would freeze the status quo; hence, it could not gain support from the groups seeking changes for which no peaceable avenues are open. This was the vital weakness of the first European peace plan, devised 500 years ago—the Grand Design of Henry of Navarre. Other peace movements in the past 500 years have died aborning from the same defect. It is surprising that so brilliant a man as Clark should ignore this. I have been told that originally he did propose a full panoply of powers and shifted to the present limitation in the hope of getting political support. If so, the *avant-garde* would say that he got the worst of a bad bargain; he emasculated his plan and got at best a bit of lip-service.

Finally, some attention must be given to the militarists' peace program. I have remarked above that most of them (the Chinese are an exception) declare that they are for peace. The result is a program which might be called World Peace Through Continual War—some present war must be fought to prevent a future war, which, alas, seems always necessary to fight to prevent a still more distant war, and so *ad infinitum*. This is a very popular program with the people who find nothing too disturbing in a world with war. At times one wonders whether President Johnson has unwittingly become one of the program's apostles.

As a result of the foregoing analysis, the *avant-garde* accepts the following proposition; indeed, it is deemed to be axiomatic:

> *Any movement which makes world peace its paramount goal will never achieve world peace unless and until the dominating leadership groups of mankind come to prefer world peace to any other goal. There seems to be little evidence that any of the existing movements will convert men to that preference.*

This axiom sounds like a paradox. If it *is* a paradox, it is certainly one of those paradoxes which sits beside wells of truth. For it is the inescapable conclusion from the proposition that throughout history groups of men and women have wanted *change;* if they wanted the



*"It's a check from the government for not planting last year!"*



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change strongly enough and saw no way to get it peaceably, they went to war over it. And they still do.

It is surprising how many Americans simply will not accept the foregoing axiom, even when they can offer no arguments against it. The disarmament proponents particularly are opposed. The *avant-garde* have an explanation for this, which I set down with some hesitation. It runs as follows. Most Americans have ingrained in their subconscious the belief that their security depends on their government's sovereign right to use its military power whenever it deems best. They have also been taught that they should believe in, and work for, world peace—which obviously cannot be achieved if even one powerful nation can go to war whenever it wishes to. A delightful solution to this conflict is to work in a peace movement (i.e., disarmament), which cannot achieve its goal but doesn't admit the fact. One's conscience is eased, and the subconscious is left untroubled.

The *avant-garde*, on the other hand, do not resist the axiom; neither are they discouraged by it. Indeed, they have discovered that by accepting it, a much more promising path opens up. Instead of searching for the causes of war and exhorting men and women *not* to do this, that or the other, they begin to concentrate on the causes of peace and how to urge men and women to take affirmative action. They note that *civil* war has been avoided by enormous groups of rather diverse people for long periods of time: millions of Englishmen and Scotsmen for 300 years, more millions of Americans for 100 years. How is it that these millions on millions of people do not suddenly organize armies and assert a moral and legal right to destroy each other?

Obviously, a host of factors of all kinds are involved, but a condensed answer can be given by taking a pragmatic look at the situation. One begins by asking how people *do* behave, as opposed to how anyone thinks they *should* behave. The answer is reasonably clear.

People try to pursue, individually or in groups, courses of action which they believe (usually mistakenly) will bring them happiness here or in the Hereafter. Many of the courses of action seek great or small *changes* in the status quo; these are frequently resisted with great energy by other groups, particularly if the change is sought to be brought about very rapidly. If any society can offer possible peaceful means of effecting and resisting change that will satisfy the opposing groups, organized group killings (i.e., civil war) can be avoided. When a society *cannot* do this, as was the case in 1860, there *is* civil war.

There is a further requisite. Sooner or later any group living in peace adopts standards of right and wrong (morality or ethics); provision must then be made to restrain individuals and groups who violate those standards. Thus far, society has tried to handle this problem by creating a class of public officials (executives, policemen, judges, jailers) to whom is entrusted the control of overpowering force to be used against the wrongdoers. Obviously, such trust involves a risk; if the wrong people get control of the force-wielders, as the Nazis did in Germany, they can wreck a civilized community and commit horror after horror. This is a risk inherent in all government and leads people to fear world government.

From all of the foregoing a second axiom is developed:

*Peace is a by-product of a society that offers satisfactory (NOT Utopian nor perfect) means of resolving peacefully the tensions arising from demands for, and resistance to, change, and which can also define satisfactorily (NOT perfectly) right and wrong and keep control over the wrongdoers.*

Where groups of people have achieved a satisfactory mode of life such as described above, we can say that they have achieved "communality." Obviously, if communality such as that now enjoyed by, let us say, the people in the British Isles, could be extended to the whole world, peace would follow as a matter of course. The key questions, therefore, for the *avant-garde* are whether such communality can be achieved and, if so, how.

The questions themselves are not new. What is new is only that they are being considered by men and women with open minds and in the light of the latest findings of the behavioral sciences. In the past, religious fanatics declared communality impossible until everyone accepted *the* one true religion (i.e., the fanatic's); scientists pontificated that human nature never changed, that there were certain "instinctive" behavior patterns that could not be altered; morality was held to be a set of rules laid down by divine revelation and as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The behavioral scientists of today refuse to be bound by any such pontifications.

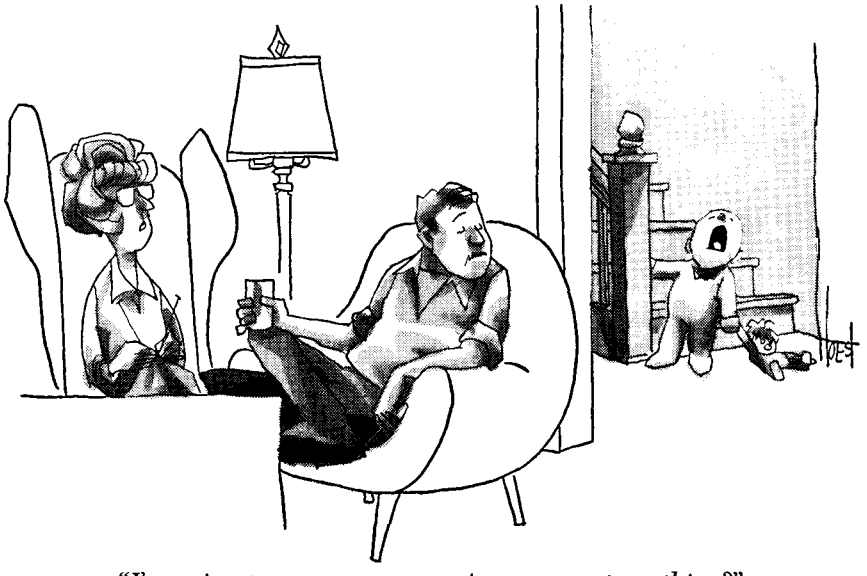
They also face up to the paradoxical fact that wars have sometimes (*not* always) promoted communality between the antagonists after the war is over. This leads into a consideration of certain factors which have never been thoroughly nor satisfactorily analyzed.

War is something more than a means of settling disputes. The desire for war, among the people who have the desire, seems to be a deep, complicated subconscious drive. In most men—*and* women—there is a latent pro-war drive. In Thornton Wilder's play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Sabina says, "I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Antrobus, but I *enjoyed* the war." Sabina has plenty of companions in that belief today. It is a mysterious drive, but it exists.

No one has yet explained how two groups of people who have been living peacefully side by side can suddenly feel justified in slaughtering each other, then making peace, then becoming fast friends recounting the war experiences as the best times of their lives. Perhaps there is a need in most men to risk their lives *in competition with other men*. War enables them to do this, and—what is generally overlooked—to do it according to a set of rules which are, with some exceptions that shock the world, obeyed more strictly than most peacetime laws.

It is said that all's fair in war, but the warriors don't think so. When an army surrenders, it lays down its arms; it does not pretend to surrender and then try to

(*Continued on page 40*)



*"I'm going to say my prayers. Anyone want anything?"*



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# Apuleius

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE ACCIDENTS of the centuries have left us only two great prose fictions from classical antiquity. They are both in Latin. The much larger body of Greek romance is definitely inferior, prolix, and formula-bound. We have only fragments of the *Satyricon* of Petronius, but we have all of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. The complete *Satyricon* must have been one of of the greatest novels ever written. The *Golden Ass* is a lesser production but still a major work.

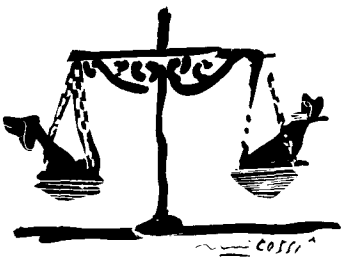
Apuleius has been called serene and genial, and rightly so. Pythagorean, Platonist, initiate mystic of Isis—he has none of Petronius's secret agony, his melancholy of the rich and corrupt, and none of the Greek Lucian's astringent and atrabilious cynicism. It was from Lucian that he took the story of a well-bred but too curious and randy scholar turned into an ass while meddling with witchcraft.

Lucius, the hero of Apuleius's novel, certainly has an abundance of comic and bawdy adventures before he regains his human shape. Ridiculous, horrible, lewd, gruesome—the episodes succeed one another at a dizzying pace, but they are all told with the most innocent humor, the most apparent desire to please. The *Golden Ass* is a remarkably good-tempered book, far removed from the solemn or bitter comedy of most great comic writers. Neither *Tristram Shandy* nor *Pickwick Papers* is so unselfconsciously narrated. If Apuleius is representative, paganism of the period following the collapse in the belief of the official religion turns out not to suffer from the "failure of nerve" and "schism in the soul" attributed to it by modern philosophers of history.

Quite the contrary. Apuleius is a confident inhabitant of a homogeneous world. There is even less sense of spiritual disunity in his view of life than in a Chinese adventure-romance such as the *Water Margin* or *All Men Are Brothers*. It is the Christian, St. Augustine—his fellow North African and contemporary—who is torn and distracted and frightened by the crisis of classical civilization and who writes of Apuleius with admiration and even something close to poorly concealed envy.

The plotting of the many adventures of Lucius the Ass may be simple. The prose is not. Petronius, like Ernest Hemingway in our time, made a rhetoric out of anti-rhetoric. Apuleius blows rhetoric up until it explodes. His is one of the most extraordinary styles in all literature, comparable to the fantastic obscurities of medieval Irish, or the invented language of the Japanese erotic novelist Saikaku, or James Joyce's *Ulysses* or even sometimes *Finnegan's Wake*.

The classicist taste of even the recent past found the prose of the *Golden Ass* barbarous, "full of affectation and meretricious ornament and that effort to say everything which prevents anything being said well." Only Walter Pater knew better, and the fifth and sixth chapters of *Marius the Epicurean*, which include a superlative if somewhat dreamy translation of the Cupid and Psyche episode, are the best appreciation of Apuleius's



style until recent times. Today, we who read Latin return far more often to the exuberance of Apuleius than to the carefully molded platitudes of Cicero. Apuleius ends his preface to the reader with the words, "Read on, and enjoy yourself." His book was written both to amuse the author in writing and to delight the reader.

Although the Greek romances which he imitated are devoid of characterization, and the plots are strings of the stock situations of serial melodrama, Apuleius, like Petronius, is a psychologist, a quick and accurate portrait painter, gifted with that Roman sense of the uniqueness of the individual which gives Roman portrait sculpture its unforgettable impact. There is actually very little description in the *Golden Ass*, yet in the straight narration of events, nights under the stars, robbers roistering in caves, slaves toiling at the millwheel, any number of witches and warlocks and monstrous mysteries—all come to life and carry a conviction of reality. Apuleius gives the impression of a photographic fantasy. When we reread him we discover that this impression is due to the incisiveness of the narrative and not to a descriptive imagism.

The *Golden Ass* is not just literature of entertainment. Lucius lives in the body of a donkey from June to June, from roses to roses. Inserted early in his story, apparently gratuitously, as a tale told by an old woman to a captive beauty in a robber's cave, is the story of Cupid and Psyche, an ideal allegory of the soul redeemed by love. Many critics have been unable to account for its presence in the novel. It is not a gracious idyll intruded into a series of coarse and bawdy adventures. It is the distilled concentration of the meaning of the trials and redemption of Lucius, the man who spent a year as an ass. It is the idyllic microcosm of a comic macrocosm, like a pearl in an oyster, a crystalline lattice from which the rough-hewn real world of Lucius's metamorphosis is constructed. The *Magic Flute* and the *Tempest* are stories of similar import and have been called thinly disguised occult rituals.

Critics have denied that the *Golden Ass* is an allegory. What story of this kind is not? To the anagogic eye any tale of man in the grip of vicissitude is a reenactment of the Great Mystery. Certainly Lucius the Ass goes through the Zodiacal Houses of the Perils of the Soul and is about to play the role of the sacrificed king in an obscene and comic *hierosgamos*, a parody mystic marriage, when he is saved from all his trials in animal form, transformed to a better man, and devoted to Isis, the queen of heaven.

Even though his hero is saved, Apuleius cannot quite stop his good-humored mockery. There is the subtlest irony in his description of the way the priests mulct Lucius of all his money in one expensive initiation after another, with the result that after he has become an impoverished devotee of Isis of the third degree, he then forms such profitable connections that he ends up richer than before, not at all unlike a modern businessman or lawyer member of a fraternal organization. Irony or no, the final chapters of the book are the purest expression of late classical ritual mysticism, more moving, more illuminated, than Plutarch's essay on the cult of Isis. Over the page of Apuleius lies the radiance of his own deep, unbreakable happiness, and his metamorphosed donkey on his comic pilgrimage shares with Christian of *Pilgrim's Progress* the abiding sense of joy of the saved.

The most famous English translation is by William Adlington, one of the finest examples of Elizabethan prose. This is the version, with many mistakes corrected, in the Loeb Classical Library. Robert Graves did a translation for Penguin Books which abandons the aureate Latinity of Apuleius for a dry, sharp, plain style—which is itself a small masterpiece of twentieth-century prose.



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# The Four Centers of U.S. Foreign Policy

LONG BEFORE he came to the White House, Woodrow Wilson said that the foreign policy of the United States could never be fully comprehended unless one examined it from the vantage point of the Presidency. He didn't mean by this that the public's understanding of a foreign event or crisis was necessarily inferior to or different from the President's. What he meant was that a President's decision often had to surmount and resolve an incredible array of converging and diverging pressures and counter-pressures.

If the process of decision-making was complicated a half-century or more ago, consider how it has become compounded since. The President's post today is not just a station for the contemplation of world affairs. It is a battleground, a zone of sustained conflict for all the elements and groups that are involved in the decision-making process. Officially, these groups include the pertinent Cabinet members, Congressional committees and Congress as a whole, representatives of relevant government departments or agencies, the President's own aides, and the National Security Council, consisting of many of the same people who see the President individually. On the unofficial level, the pressures involve the full range of the press and public opinion.

Essentially, the problem is represented by the fact that there are now four centers of foreign policy inside the American government, all of them potent, all of them posts of action and advocacy that have to be heard and reconciled.

First of all, of course, is the State Department, with its world-wide establishment for carrying out American foreign policy and for gathering information and assessing all the political, historical, and diplomatic factors involved in problems coming up for decision.

Second, there is the policy-analysis and policy-making function of the Department of Defense. The Secretary of Defense is not solely a coordinator of military affairs and operations. He presides over a substantial organization concerned with collecting and scrutinizing voluminous data – political, historical, diplomatic, as well as military—and is involved in the multiplicity of foreign situations with which the United States must deal.

Third, a full and separate organization concerned with matters that affect foreign policy is the Central Intelligence Agency. Like the State Department, it has its representatives all over the world. It not only gathers information but carries out major undertakings in the foreign field. It also seeks to bring into single focus the full range of views of other government agencies in its preparation of "national estimates" covering a wide variety of situations. Recently, *The New York Times* called attention to the activities of the C.I.A. in mounting policies and programs, some of them at odds with State Department positions, some of them actually subversive of other governments.

Fourth, the U.S. Mission to the United Nations carries with it a wide range of duties and responsibilities that pertain to America's foreign policy. It necessarily operates from a somewhat different perspective from that of the State Department or the Department of Defense. The American Ambassador to the U.N., ideally at least, succeeds in direct proportion to his ability to support the United Nations in its effort to substitute objective yardsticks for the traditional unilateral actions of nations. World public opinion is a major factor in the U.N. equation.

Theoretically, the National Security Council is supposed to coordinate and bring into focus the particularized views or approaches of the different centers of foreign policy inside the government. But it is not expected to eliminate the complications resulting from the separate thrusts or pressures applied directly to the President.

The result is that the President has to deal with at least four major foreign policy units, each of them possessing full-blown staffs engaged in comprehensive appraisal, recommendation, and, often, action. By now, most Americans have been made aware of the problem of overlapping military authority, facilities, and operations, with the U.S. Army, the U.S. Navy, and the U.S. Air Force each containing most of the elements of a full and separate military establishment. The attempt to consolidate all these agencies into a Department of Defense has come a long way, even though total unification has yet to be achieved. What Americans in general do not realize is that even more serious proliferation now exists in the field of foreign policy. And the penalty for overlapping in the foreign policy area is even more severe than in the military. For the United States cannot afford to be fragmented in its dealings with the rest of the world. It cannot afford conflicting spheres of foreign-policy formulation. It cannot afford to limit the ability of the President to create clear lines of consistency in carrying out clearly defined purposes.

THE American people are in serious error if they suppose that the President has only to invoke his Constitutional powers in order to remove or reduce internal pressures and counter-pressures in the making of foreign policy. He cannot abolish, nor can he readily curtail, agencies created by Congress. When he comes into office, he is confronted by numberless ongoing programs. Everything is in process, and the process has a momentum not easily reversed or even slowed. Early in his Presidency, John F. Kennedy was told of an advanced plan for staging a U.S.-backed revolution in Cuba. The plan turned out to be a colossal miscalculation and blunder, and President Kennedy took the responsibility. But what is significant here is not just that the President made the mistake, as he later acknowledged, of going along with the scheme, but that a duly consti-



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tuted part of the United States Government had the authority and the means to attempt to export a revolution.

(Incidentally, the branch of the C.I.A. concerned with the preparation of "estimates" is believed to have supplied negative advice on the Cuba undertaking, but the operational branch of the C.I.A. proceeded just the same.)

President Dwight D. Eisenhower, after the death of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, undertook a series of initiatives for turning back the growing danger of nuclear war. He felt that the new leadership in the Soviet Union should be given every opportunity to demonstrate that it didn't hold to Stalin's views about the inevitability of war. Moreover, the President felt that growing differences between the Soviet Union and Communist China made it necessary for the United States to strengthen the position of those Soviet leaders who favored improved relations with the West, as against the violent anti-Western stand of the Chinese.

Various joint efforts and parleys were initiated. But these measures had to be aborted when both Premier Nikita Khrushchev and President Eisenhower were confronted with the fact that an American spying plane had been downed deep inside Soviet territory. Premier Khrushchev told his Council of Ministers he was certain the plane operated without authorization or knowledge of the President and that the imminent Big Four Conference in Paris could therefore proceed. The President, however, was persuaded that he would expose himself to serious criticism and even ridicule if he said he knew nothing about the flight. The upshot of the entire episode was that the President's hopes for an effective détente were negated by a lack of coordination within the government.

Still another example of misapplied authority occurred in Laos in 1960, when the popularly elected government of Souvanna Phouma was overthrown in a military coup, which in turn brought on a civil war. This writer does not know which agency of the U.S. Government facilitated the coup, directly or indirectly, but he does know that there was a strong difference of opinion inside the U.S. Government on the matter, and that for several months after the coup the United States was in the incredible position of paying the salaries of the armed forces both of the government and the insurgents.

Eventually, the government was restored to Souvanna, with the backing of the United States. But the episode resulted in further strengthening the Communist forces in Northern Laos, with a degree of public support that might not have been possible otherwise.

Yet another contretemps took place in 1961 at a time when the State Department was doing everything it could to strengthen U.S. relations with Burma and, in fact, with all nations in South and Southeast Asia that were under pressure from Communist China. The C.I.A. dropped guns and ammunition into a corner of Burma where a small contingent from the Chinese Nationalist Army had been hiding out since the end of the Chinese Civil War. The incident soon became public knowledge. Inevitably, the disclosure produced a strong reaction in Burma. The revelation that the United States not only had violated the sovereignty of Burma but had exposed that country to possible reprisals from China brought on demonstrations by the Burmese against the American Embassy in Rangoon. The State Department's attempt to create goodwill with Burma was not furthered, to say the least.

The C.I.A., of course, is by no means the only U.S. agency involved in actions running counter to our public declarations about self-determination as a cardinal principle of American foreign policy. Consider the case of the overthrow in 1963 of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his government in Vietnam. There is reason to believe that the C.I.A. was strongly opposed to the coup. But the State Department went along with the enterprise, at least tacitly, thus involving the United States in the overthrow of a government we said we had gone into Vietnam to protect against overthrow by others.

The inadequacy of the Diem government is not the only issue here. One issue is whether the United States should become involved in the subversion of other governments. Another issue concerns the line of authority under which such decisions and actions take place. To what extent does authority exist for undertaking "minor probes" or "projects," which in the aggregate represent major actions and policies, thus confronting the President with events in motion? In any event, one serious effect of the Diem overthrow and assassination was that it jeopardized the historical and moral position of the United States. Another effect was that it made the United States responsible for the performance of successor governments in Vietnam.

U.S. policy in Vietnam today does not belong exclusively to President Johnson any more than it belonged exclusively to President Kennedy. The basic decisions that were to affect the course of American policy for years to come were made in 1954 at the time the French withdrew from Indochina. Prime Minister Mendès-France, of France, later revealed that one of the major obstacles in the Geneva negotiations concerned the role the United States would play in the future of the area.

The key article of the Geneva treaty called for all foreign forces and military influence to be withdrawn from the nations of Indochina. M. Mendès-France said he was asked during the negotiations whether he could provide assurance that the departure of France would not be the signal for the arrival of the United States, in which case the terms of the treaty would be meaningless. The Prime Minister said he replied that he had no reason to believe that the United States had any such intention. A treaty was signed calling for evacuation of foreign forces and for free elections. The French left and the United States began to move in.

The 1956 elections provided for by the Geneva accords were called off by the South Vietnamese government. It is im-

# The Student

**By Lewis Turco**

THIS student is lost in his books.
I have seen many students lost many ways.
They have been lost in the halls
looking for some door to enter,
afraid to find it because of minotaur.
They have been lost in words
that fog up their lenses so badly they can't see.
They have been lost in the backstretch.
They have been lost in the woods with some girl
who told her daddy.
They have been lost in my office waiting
for me to come, but I never do.
I have seen many students lost many ways—
even lost in thought, though very few.
This student is lost in his books.
If he looks up, he will find that he is here:
the present is upon him; all books
lead to the present at last, and that is
the key to the maze of words.



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portant to point out, however, that the prospects for free elections in the North were less than substantial. In any case, the Vietcong, backed by North Vietnam, began its unremitting campaign of terror and assassination in the South. The process of violence and disintegration that set in has continued almost without interruption from that moment to this.

It is not clear what was behind the American decision to run counter to a treaty that had just been signed. For the effect was exactly the opposite from the one intended. The effect was to make Ho Chi Minh, whom the United States had earlier supported in the war against the Japanese, partially or largely dependent on Communist China, despite the long history of Vietnamese resentment toward and fear of its great northern neighbor.

IT seems reasonable to ask whether the same sources whose later advice worked out so poorly in the case of Cuba had drafted the plan and the recommendations for the original involvement in Vietnam. In any case, President Johnson inherited a situation in which the practical range of decision was severely circumscribed by the stark effects of previous decisions and actions.

And in Vietnam today, one of President Johnson's biggest difficulties is represented not just by those who are clamoring for an all-out military effort, even at the risk of a major war, or by those who are demanding that the United States abruptly withdraw from Vietnam altogether, but by the cross-currents inside the U.S. Government itself. The President is pushing for negotiations with North Vietnam and all concerned parties, including Communist China. Yet any indication that such negotiations may in fact be possible seems to touch off prodigious pressure by American military and diplomatic representatives in South Vietnam to forestall any such event. Their argument is that the South Vietnamese government is opposed to negotiations and that we cannot afford to run counter to a government already beset with critical difficulties. The bombing, therefore, becomes as much a device to bolster the morale of Saigon as it is a means of interdicting the supplies from Hanoi.

The United States is locked in. We cannot use our full force in Vietnam because to do so would represent an irresponsible invitation to the Chinese to take part in an unspeakable holocaust. To pull out altogether would represent an irresistible invitation to the Chinese to move in. And the only alternative, a negotiated peace, becomes increasingly difficult not just because of Hanoi's intransigence but because those who represent the President in Saigon seem to be doing everything they can to block the policy of negotiation that he has declared offers the best chance for ending the war.

None of these matters can be viewed as isolated phenomena. They all reflect the fact that the conduct of U.S. foreign policy has become enormously complicated not just by events but by the existence of different hubs of foreign policy inside the same government. It is unfair and unreasonable to expect any President, however bold and confident, to conduct the nation's foreign policy on the basis of dealing with entrenched departments which operate inside different contexts.

The aim of U.S. foreign policy must be to try to shape events, and not just to be shaped by them. However, day-to-day actions, even on a fairly low level, in the aggregate have often become high-level policy, whether the President agreed with it or not. The danger is that a separation is taking place between American policy and American purposes. The level of action is being detached from the level of intent.

Some years ago, a commission under former President Herbert Hoover made important recommendations for the reorganization of the Armed Forces. It is equally important now that a high-level commission be appointed to study the process by which American foreign policy is made and implemented, and to scrutinize the operations of all government agencies that have an effect on that policy. The study now being undertaken by Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington gives promise of high usefulness in this direction, and it ought to be broadened.

Such a study ought to consider possible correlations between the often unworkable foreign policies of national sovereignties and the present condition of world anarchy among the nations. For the absence of law among nations not only leads to crises among them but actually tends to create disorganization within the nations themselves. The effects of anarchy are both external and internal.

What is needed is not just greater streamlining and coordination in American foreign policy, but the existence of a unifying principle. World law is that principle, endorsed by history in general and the American Constitution-makers in particular. —N. C.

# At the Dancing School of the Sisters Schwarz

**By Judson Jerome**

SILENTLY grave as voyeurs in a powder room
we fathers sit with coats folded on knees
this visiting day, watching Miss Hermene
teach fourteen girls the elements of ballet.

Accompaniment is struck in chords upon
the Steinway grand. Outside a siren grieves:
law for a speeder below. Miss Hermene slaps
time on her thighs, her words exact and low.

Her muscular, liquid arms demonstrate grace
to daughters in pink tights along the bar.
*Battement tendu!* and fourteen arches curve.
She spots a limp leg, squats for a better view,

then sweeps from child to child, chin high, commanding—
love in her old eyes, discipline on her tongue,
correct as a queen, and fierce beneath her charm.
Our girls come hushed and quick, hair back, nails clean;

chubby or bony, concave or convex of chest,
gangly, petite or tough, their slippers whisper
in the studio. No scratching or wriggling now,
but each projects life to her pointed toe.

My own, the smallest, still sticks out her tummy
curving her limber spine. Her feet are flat,
her limbs thin. Braids swing as she takes correction
like kisses—with freckly cheeks and toothy grin.

Material comes raw, but Miss Hermene
makes girlflesh pirouette and count strict time.
Covertly I squirm—loosely sitting, like nature,
thinking how daffodils look to a worm.

*Glissez! Sautez! Pliez!* Knees skinned at skating
now bend in diamond shapes around the room,
and fathers dream of the stage where ballerinas
are purer than people, selfless, without age.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Driver Safety

THE FATUOUS BIT of doggerel in THE PHOENIX NEST entitled "The Foolproof Car" and the equally fatuous letter to the editor about unsafe cars in your June 11 issue reveal at least two persons who've utterly missed the point of the recent drive for safer cars. This point is that driver behavior (i.e., human behavior) is infinitely harder to change than the design of cars.

Recently this point jabbed me hard when a friend lost his only daughter in an auto smash: A car careened across the median and sideswiped him. He hung onto the steering wheel and survived, but the daughter was flung into the roadway and killed when a door flew open. This girl died because the world's greatest technology—one that can walk men in space—cannot, it seems, engineer a safe door-catch for an automobile.

JOHN R. ADAMS.

Brampton, Ont., Canada

## Lynda Bird Abroad

APROPOS William D. Patterson's editorial, "No Dollar Wall" [*SR*, June 11], it is fascinating to learn that after all President Johnson's hoopla about keeping Americans at home, his own daughter is going to spend part of the summer travelling in Europe.

MRS. DUVAL TYLER.

Middleburg, Va.

## Concerning Arthur Miller

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, what is the matter with Arthur Miller? I refer to his article in your special section of June 4 devoted to the International Congress of P.E.N. (poets, playwrights, essayists, editors and novelists). Why is he so terribly upset about the idea of psychology? Is he totally unaware of the abundant debt which Freud, Jung and Company have acknowledged to Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, Plato and Company?

WARRINGTON WINTERS,
Associate Professor,
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

WITH REGARD to Arthur Miller's comments about young people "who mistakenly feel that all they can do is repeat, possibly a little better, what has been done before," I recall the economist Sumner H. Slichter's writing: "The greater the body of existing knowledge, the greater is likely to be the value of new discoveries."

JOHN SPANUR.

Cleveland, O.

I WOULD BE more taken aback at Arthur Miller's comment on young people's lack of direction and failure to "realize . . . that there was a counter-ideology at one time," if the evidence were not so blatantly to the contrary. If anything, today's young suffer from a surfeit of enthusiasm and commitment, from infinite variety of opinion rather than unanimity, and from sheer excitement at the freedom and possibilities of the imagination.

This is a restless, probing generation, with a knack for upsetting its immediate forbears, and I'm proud to be part of it. Mr. Miller should perhaps examine his viewpoint more closely.

CECELIA HOLLAND.

Woodbridge, Conn.

PREDICTION is the keynote of science, as Mr. Miller indicates. Scientists should have choice as to what areas they explore, and certainly have the ethical right and obligation as humanists to influence what use is made of their discoveries. One does not, however, throw out the psychological discoveries that permit curing a writer's block, or that allow a patient to attain a maximum of self-assertion and creative expression, although the same discoveries can lead a power-hungry person to attempt enslavement of other people's minds.

Psychologists, unfortunately, being all too human, run the gamut of values and ethics, as do other groups of people. One does not thereby devalue all psychologists. One tries to forcefully influence and educate the narrow-minded psychologist and scientist to the highest of humanistic values.

DALE H. ORTMEYER,
Clinical Psychologist.

New York, N.Y.

*"What happened, Osgood? You used to be cute."*

## Melville Also Slept There

SPEAKING AS ONE who has received rejection slips on practically every street mentioned in Warren Bower's article, "Locus: Washington Square" [*SR*, June 4], I found it all interesting and quite complete.

I wonder why no one mentioned the fact that Herman Melville once lived on Gansevoort Street while he was working in the Customs Office or some other government agency. This short street is a little far north and west to be in the original Greenwich Village, but it is certainly within the enlarged district of later years.

CHARLES VAN KRIEDT.

San Francisco, Calif.

## For World Government Now

I AGREE with N.C.'s editorial of May 21, "The Trouble Beyond Vietnam," that a very important part of the answer is for the United States "to make an unambiguous declaration that the support and strengthening of the United Nations is a major objective" of its foreign policy.

But what do we mean by this? I believe that something more than the evolution of a kind of common law for the world is necessary. That something is limited federal government for the world. Most political scientists do not feel that this is possible at this time. Some have warned, with reason, of the danger to the world of having power concentrated in a world government which might fall under the control of totalitarian forces. However, I believe that a greater danger is the trend toward totalitarianism in all nations, which is the result of lack of world government.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## Texans Abroad

HORACE SUTTON'S description [*SR*, June 4] of the opening of Le Western in the new Paris Hilton reminds me of the story about the Texan who requested that he be buried in his air-conditioned Cadillac.

As the car was being lowered into the ground, one of the grave-diggers standing by sighed, "Ah-h-h, that's living!"

ROBERT L. MCDONALD.

Ligonier, Pa.



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# A Touch of Magic

By JAMES F. FIXX

AN INTEREST in legerdemain, combined with a knack for ferreting out books about it, has earned a young California bookman the $1,000 first prize in the 1966 Amy Loveman book-collecting contest. The award, presented annually by the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Women's National Book Association, and *SR*, honors the late Amy Loveman, who was for many years an associate editor of *SR*, a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and a member of the Women's National Book Association.

Under the contest rules, the award goes to an undergraduate college student who has collected a distinguished personal library. This year's winner is Grant L. Hutchinson of Sacramento, California, a student at the Santa Barbara branch of the University of California. In addition, honorable mention awards of $200 each are being presented to Charles Frederick Altman of Alexandria, Virginia, a student at Duke University; and to William H. Flayhart III, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, a student at Lycoming College.

Before being considered as a finalist in the national contest, each of the award winners was required to pass a local screening on his own campus. Eighty-one entries were finally forwarded to the judges in New York City, and the three winners were ultimately chosen from among them. "It was no easy job this year," said one of the judges. "College students can be perceptive and discriminating book collectors, and it was a painful task to have to eliminate some really excellent lists."

The five judges were Elizabeth Easton, representing the Book-of-the-Month Club; Richard L. Tobin, managing editor of *SR;* Eleanor Smith, coordinator of adult services for the Brooklyn Public Library, representing the Women's National Book Association; Mary Ann O'Brian Malkin, book review editor of *Antiquarian Bookman;* and William Young, assistant to the director of legal and international collections at Columbia University.

Mr. Hutchinson's books on magic range from *Expert Manipulation of Playing Cards,* by Lewis Ganson, to *Fire Magic,* by Clettis V. Musson—a guide for those who want to eat fire, walk on it, or perhaps have it emerge from their fingertips. In an accompanying essay describing his collection, the young magic enthusiast says that legerdemain "recalls memories of the carnival, circus, and side show when, with mouth agape, the young and young at heart watched in amazement as rabbits popped out of hats, beautiful women floated in mid-air, and turbaned Hindus swallowed swords."

Interested at an early age in the history and practice of magic, he soon found himself corresponding with dealers and collectors, and the result was his present impressive collection of books. But it is not, it should be noted, so impressive to Hutchinson himself that he is willing to leave it just as it now is; he already has plans to add to it, and the $1,000 prize money ought to make the task a bit easier.

Mr. Altman's collection, consisting of French literature from Anouilh to Zola, represents the first time in the Amy Loveman contest's history that an award has gone to a foreign-language library.

"Since that time two years ago," he writes in the commentary accompanying his entry, "when I fell victim to this most noble of all hobbies, I have found that there are other and perhaps more important reasons for being interested in building a personal library. The Renaissance heritage of humanism has been handed down through the centuries mainly by scholars whose work was closely linked to the building of a personal library. . . . As a future scholar in the field of French literature I am not unaware of my duty in attempting to carry on this heritage; and as an ardent book collector I am most aware of the unlimited enjoyment such a task can bring."

The third winner, Mr. Flayhart, has built his library around a theme of maritime history. His books range from stories of adventure at sea (such as *Tomorrow Never Came,* Max Caufield's account of the wartime sinking of the liner SS *Athenia*) to factual guides (such as *Harbours of the Forth*). But through his entire collection runs one straight and simple thread. As Flayhart himself puts it, "I have nurtured a love of the sea and ships for a good many years."

Interestingly enough, the other winners have essentially the same thing to say about *their* collections. There is no disagreement, it would seem, about the fact that it takes *something more* than just books to make a really impressive personal library.

# Your Literary I. Q.

*Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Which of the characters listed might, if a modern citizen, have placed each of these ads in the classified columns? Rose Marie Garland of Sumner, Iowa, asks you to insert the correct box numbers. Replies on page 37.

### *PERSONALS*

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1. Daniel
2. David
3. Eve
4. Gabriel
5. Isaiah
6. Jonah
7. Joseph
8. Joshua
9. Judith
10. Moses
11. Methuselah
12. Noah
13. Ruth
14. Samson
15. Solomon



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## A Holy Kind of Horror

CRITICAL interest in the work of Flannery O'Connor, who died on August 3, 1964, in her fortieth year, has steadily grown and will continue to grow, not only because she had remarkable literary talents but also because her writing poses questions of great seriousness. So far there is no agreement as to what she was trying to say and do. But if we come to a general understanding on that point, as I think may happen, there will remain a larger and more difficult question: How are we to value her achievement?

Stanley Edgar Hyman's essay, *Flannery O'Connor,* in the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers (65¢), is a brilliant analysis of Miss O'Connor's two novels and two collections of short stories. Hyman goes at the work with a kind of ferocity, a passionate determination to extract the meaning of every word. If he sometimes seems overingenious, as critics of his school often do, at least not one of Miss O'Connor's images is left unexamined. What he makes clear, among other things, is the extraordinary coherence of her whole body of work.

Miss O'Connor, who was or pretended to be scornful of "them interleckchuls," might have smiled at some of Hyman's more extravagant flights, but I doubt that she could have denied the truth of his basic interpretations. When William Faulkner, during his appearances at the University of Virginia, was questioned as to this or that critic's interpretation of a particular passage in his writings, he usually replied that he hadn't known that was what he meant but maybe it was. His caginess was not only self-protective but wise, for literary meaning cannot be limited to the author's conscious intention.

No two readers of Miss O'Connor are likely to be in complete agreement, and I have my quarrels with Hyman. He says, for example, "'A View of the Woods' is a perfect comic story about a conflict between a grandfather and a nine-year-old granddaughter just like him, up to its natural ending after the first paragraph on page 80; then it falls into the unnecessary multiple death of Jacobean drama." Since I find Mr. Fortune and Mary not comic but monstrous, it seems to me that the only possible ending is for each to destroy the other. Hyman calls "Revelation" "a marvelously funny apocalypse for the Laodiceans that goes on too long." Again the humor seems to me painfully grim, and, as I read the story, the ending is neither superfluous, as Hyman suggests, nor merciful, as other critics have maintained; in my view Miss O'Connor rewards Laodicean Mrs. Turpin with a vision of herself in hell.

IN the end, after setting forth the structure of Miss O'Connor's symbolism, Hyman writes: "Flannery O'Connor's meanings are not only Christian, they are Christian mainly in the mystic and ascetic tradition of St. John of the Cross." He adds, "As a fiction-writing theologian, she seems the most radical Christian dualist since Dostoevsky." Hyman rightly asserts that "any discussion of her theology can only be preliminary to, not a substitute for, esthetic analysis and evaluation," but the theology cannot be overlooked. "Few of Flannery O'Connor's readers, few even of her Roman Catholic readers, can share her desperate and radical Christian dualism." This dualism contributes to the power of her work, for it constitutes "a natural dramatism for fiction, as did Dostoevsky's religion." But what is the value of the work for nonbelieving readers? Hyman answers the question in psychological terms: "The stories are full of bitter hate *in order that* the author may be friendly and loving; the novels scream doubt and denial *in order that* the author may be devout and serene." He continues: "As this symbolic action transforms the author, so it transforms the reader. We undergo these terrible events, as horror-filled as Greek tragedy, to be purged and sweetened, even kept devout (in our different devotions)."

21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Flannery O'Connor," by Stanley Edgar Hyman
22 Letters to the Book Review Editor
23 The European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
24 "The Early Spanish Main," by Carl O. Sauer
25 An Interview with Carl O. Sauer by William Hogan
26 "The Crusades," by Zoé Oldenbourg
27 "Justice in Jerusalem," by Gideon Hausner; "And the Crooked Shall Be Made Straight," by Jacob Robinson
32 "Soldiers' Revolt," by Hans Hellmut Kirst
33 "The Opoponax," by Monique Wittig
33 "The Wreck of the Cassandra," by Frederic Prokosch
34 "Helmet and Wasps," by Michael Mott
34 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

Although his *Flannery O'Connor* (William B. Eerdmans, 85¢) is one of the first of a series of pamphlets entitled "Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective," Robert Drake's procedure is not greatly different from Hyman's. That is, he depends largely on textual analysis, and argues that Miss O'Connor's theology is not really at issue. His examination of images and symbols, though not so searching as Hyman's, is often illuminating, and the warmth of his admiration for Miss O'Connor and her work is pleasing.

More directly than Hyman, Drake raises the question of the value of the stories and novels for readers who "cannot honestly share the theological assumptions which *are* part of her *donnée.*" (Among these dissenters, as Hyman suggests, must be many professed Christians, including some Catholics.) Drake goes on: "People *are* often as she says; and they *do* often express themselves in violent words and actions, as she represents them, and not just in darkest Georgia either." True enough, and Miss O'Connor's writings can be a revelation to nonbelievers, just as Dostoevsky's can. The cheerful liberals, the kind of people Miss O'Connor most disliked, are forced by such writers as O'Connor and Dostoevsky to open their eyes to the evil in the world—and a good thing, too. But some of us cannot accept



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the idea of absolute evil, if only because we do not believe in absolutes of any sort. For us there are points at which Miss O'Connor's dogmas seem to falsify her stories, but, not being absolutists, we are grateful for partial truths.

In a long article in *The Phoenix*, a magazine published at the College of Charleston, Richard Coleman rushes on stage to proclaim that no one else has understood Flannery O'Connor. Part of his article is an analysis of her self-portrait that seems to me to be fanciful, but there is also a rewarding discussion of "The Artificial Nigger" in terms of Christian symbolism. Like Hyman's discussion of the same story, it shows the precise way in which Miss O'Connor's Catholic vision of life found literary expression in her stories. Coleman, however, appears to believe that anyone who doesn't accept that vision in its entirety has something wrong with him and isn't fit to read the work of Flannery O'Connor.

Nothing disturbs Coleman more than the fact that some critics, especially one Granville Hicks, have found Miss O'Connor's work lacking in compassion, and he mentions several stories to prove how compassionate she was. I'm afraid the word doesn't mean to him what it means to me. It seems to me that, by his own argument, she was compassionate only in the sense that the Inquisitors were compassionate: she did deeply want souls to be saved, but she hadn't much pity for those who rejected what she regarded as the only means of salvation. —Granville Hicks.

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1195**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1195 will be found in the next issue.*

WUZY UH KEE HXEPK KE TE

ILNKXULJ ZEP ELYHYWZ KXIK

ELY AIL RIN EKXYPH KE TE ZEP

ELY.

—M. HESYPHYK SIOJXIS

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1194***

*You can tell the ideals of a nation by its advertisements.*

—Norman Douglas.

# LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

## Writer's Lament

A writer's lot is not a bed of roses. Rejection slips are painful enough. But there is something worse.

There are situations of which one might say that the writer was "killed" with kindness by a government agency's unsolicited endorsement of his book.

In 1963 the University of Michigan Press published a book of mine which presented the history of socialist (in the broadest sense) ideas from Plato to Mao. As ill luck had it, it occurred to someone in the United States Information Agency that the book's treatment of the various aspects of Leninism—maybe because of its restrained tone—might be good anti-Communist propaganda in Latin America. So the USIA decided to sponsor the publication of Spanish and Portuguese editions of my *Political Heretics*, whereupon the University of Michigan Press, without consulting me, sold them the translation rights.

I was shocked when the U.M.P. informed me of the *fait accompli*. My remonstrances (considering that the publishers own the copyright) were futile. I am certainly not in favor of Castroism or Maoism making headway in Latin America, but neither am I enthusiastic about the policy of the State Department, which consistently supports military dictatorships all over Latin America, even against liberals and progressives, as it did in Santo Domingo. So, having been unable to prevent the publication of these translations (as a matter of fact, I have never seen a single copy of them), I registered my protest by distributing my entire share of the proceeds from the sale of the translation rights and the royalties among such nonpartisan organizations sharing my views in this respect as Spanish Refugee Aid, League for Mutual Aid, Workers Defense League, International League for the Rights of Man, and the Post War World Council.

Is there absolutely no way of protecting an author's reputation against such deadly embraces?

Max Nomad.

New York, N.Y.

## Diplomatic Crisis

Regarding Guenter Lewy's review of the book *Pius XII and the Third Reich* [*SR*, May 21], I thought Lewy's conclusions were objective enough but I wondered how any reviewer could have taken any kind of neutral stand. The Pope's silence, as Lewy described it, was due to his "concern" for Catholics on both sides as well as his liking for Germany, among other things. I wonder how the Pope could have maintained his silence in the face of Nazi terrorism, a régime dedicated to the destruction of the traditional Judaic-Christian values. How long would a Catholic Church remain in a Nazi world? Surely, Pope Pius was not confronted with an ordinary diplomatic crisis but a monster which threatened to wipe out everything the Christian church has stood for. To me, the Pope's position of so-called neutrality showed a total lack of understanding as well as a weak moral position toward the Nazis.

Edward Newman.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

## No Actress

I very much enjoyed John K. Hutchens's article dealing with various aspects of General Custer's career [*SR*, May 21].

Miss Marguerite Merington, whom he mentions, was an author, never a "veteran actress" . . . Miss Merington's writings included two Broadway plays: *Captain Lettarblair* and *Love Finds the Way*, starring E. H. Sothern and Minnie M. Fiske, respectively. Collections of her plays for children may be found in the New York Public Library. . . .

Ethel Rogers Craddock.

Massapequa, N.Y.

## The Whole Phenomenon

In the June 4th *SR*, in his review of Mooney's book on Père Teilhard, Father Vollert says that Teilhard saw evolution "as culminating in man, and the mystery of Christ." Also, Vollert states that Teilhard had "an awareness of the limitations of human progress . . ."

On the contrary, Père Teilhard saw evolution as not yet having culminated and certainly not in man as his apparent physical self is today; nor did Teilhard believe there could be a limit to human progress per se! As Sir Julian Huxley says in his foreword to *The Phenomenon of Man*, Teilhard did not "dilute his concept of the divine principle inherent in reality, in a vague and meaningless pantheism. . . ." These very competent Jesuit theologians make the common error of the Specialist, seeing only one facet of the whole phenomenon of Man. They, therefore, do dilute and misinterpret Père Teilhard, whose more comprehensive mind foresaw such things as *SR's* May 7th issue on ecology, whose principles had a place for theology in the whole scheme, but not at a cost to the Whole Phenomenon.

The inevitable book should not be entitled, as Father Vollert suggests, "Teilhard's Influence on Theology," but rather the title should indicate that this holder of the Legion of Honor has affected science, philosophy, *and* religion. Teilhard needs no apologist; he simply needs to be explained, apparently to his fellow Jesuits as well as to the cursory reader.

P. Anna Gillis.

Alburtis, Pa.



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# The European Literary Scene

MUNICH.

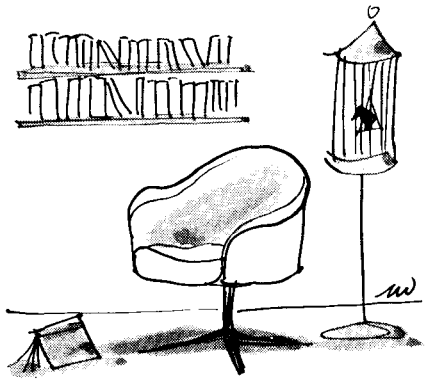
**An anomaly which has** for centuries troubled the Dutch (and their neighbors the Flemings) is the fact that from Rembrandt to Van Gogh Dutch art has been acclaimed by the entire world whereas the literature of the Netherlands has remained virtually unknown. Back when Erasmus and Grotius wrote in Latin, they had readers throughout the Continent. With the disappearance of that *lingua franca,* writers in the emerging major languages lost little; but Holland's writers were left with a parochial vernacular. Talented but neglected, they were little better off than their novelist cousins who wrote in Afrikaans. What made the situation even more anomalous is that one of the greatest concentrations of fine printers was left by the Renaissance in Amsterdam, Leyden, and Flemish Antwerp.

To make the classic writers of Holland as well known to the English-speaking world as its classic painters, the Leyden publisher Sythoff recently joined forces with Heinemann in London. They launched an ambitious *Bibliotheca Neerlandica,* bringing New York's London House & Maxwell into the enterprise. The Council of Europe, committed to the greater diffusion of books in the minor European languages, gave the project its sponsorship, as did the Prince Bernhard Fund.

Thus, several major novelists, including Franz Coenen, Arthur van Schendel, Herman Teirlinck, and Gerard Walschap, are now available in English-language editions printed in Leyden. So also are anthologies of essays, stories, and poems. A book I found delightful is *Three Novels* ("Soft Soap," "The Leg," "Will-o'-the Wisp"), by the satirist Willem Elsschot. Here and in other short novels Elsschot, who once founded an advertising agency in Antwerp, spoofs modern business and promotional methods through two contrasting personages: a Chaplinesque type named Laarmans and his idol, the unscrupulous operator Boorman, founder of a fraudulent *World Review of Finance, Commerce, Industry, Art and Science.* Laarmans apes his hero's businessmanship by smoking gold-tipped Abdullahs, inventing a ribbon for his lapel, and affecting an illegible signature, the surest guarantees of success. The affection we find growing within ourselves for Laarmans may be explained by the widespread belief that this hapless fellow so tenderly delineated by the author is a self-portrait, as realistic as one of Rembrandt's.

**Jean Genet's "poem"** *Les Paravents* ("The Screens") was finally staged in the Théâtre de France, after long and grueling rehearsals during which the dissatisfied author unnerved Madeleine Renaud, Maria Casarès, and Jean-Louis Barrault. It was hardly a topic to charm the French public of today, being a brutal evocation of the most cruel period of the Algerian War. Written more than five years ago, it perpetuates the polemic mood of that time when he and his sponsor Sartre were siding with the North Africans. Genet, who once praised Hitler and the Gestapo, portrays the French Army as made up of brutes and cynics given to torture and sadism. The vindictiveness of *The Blacks* was mild compared to the vengeance seemingly demanded in this series of violent scenes, following the outbreak of a revolt sparked by the killing of a single Arab. *Les Paravents* offended the benevolent critic Gabriel Marcel into scolding André Malraux, Minister of Culture, for allowing its performance in a state-subsidized theater. Not only is its spirit anti-French; its language reaches depths of obscenity never before heard on the French stage. Apparently this was the everyday vocabulary of the soldiers, natives, colonials, and prostitutes, whom Genet heard in the streets of Algiers before he deserted from the Foreign Legion. Throughout there runs the bitter irony and laughter of Genet. Not, of course, ordinary laughter, as Jacques Lemarchand points out in *Le Figaro littéraire,* but that defined by an old lady in *Les Paravents*: "I am laughter, but not just any laughter; the one which appears when everything's going badly."

This play presents the problem one always faces when judging Genet's theater. One must admire the spectacle, the irony, the violence, the allegory, the dream world; but one need not admire the play's meaning or even the author's intent. I believe it was Pol Vandromme who said so aptly of Genet: "Incapable of attaining the sublime in the light, he strives to reach it in the dark."



In any case, this play (already published here by Grove in an English translation by Bernard Frechtman) has agitated public as well as critics: there have been demonstrations, bomb-throwing, fighting in the aisles, and, reportedly, the firing of the grand old Théâtre de France itself—a more incredible bit of *lèse majesté* than anything Genet put on his stage.

**The English have never** quite forgiven the otherwise respectable James Macpherson for palming off on them an alleged primeval folk epic about an ancient Gaelic king named Fingal. This hoax dates back almost exactly two centuries. The epic in question was supposed to have been written by a third-century "Homer of the North" yclept Ossian. Not only England but all of Europe was taken in; *The Poems of Ossian* helped to launch European Romanticism.

It would seem that the English are still on their guard. When Donald Cameron's *Field of Sighing: A Highland Boyhood* (Longmans) appeared, the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer scrutinized it suspiciously: "The book purports to be . . . ," "The author is said to be . . . ." He is dubious about much of the material recorded by Cameron, which includes a recollection of persons reciting charms "very similar to some of those in Volume IV of Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica.*" After questioning nearly everything in the book, including the geographical location of Mr. Cameron's boyhood home, the critic concludes: "It is very difficult indeed to accept this book as an authentic account of life on a farm in the Highlands in the 1930s or at any other period." Once bitten, twice shy.

No one reading the *Collected Poems* of Herbert Read (Faber & Faber) will question the authenticity of *his* memories of boyhood on a Yorkshire farm. Among the poems reviewers have been quoting during the last weeks is "Moon's Farm":

> At Moon's Farm the pump was in the
> kitchen a well of clean crystal water
> And there was an old clock
> standing opposite the kitchen door
> It had a robin
> or perhaps it was a wren
> painted on its white face
> but the fingers never moved
> It was always 12.25 at Moon's Farm,
> 12.25 is God's time.

The reviewers have not placed this versatile writer in a class with those he



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claims as his models—Pound, Eliot, Marianne Moore, and William Carlos Williams. Yet the surprising thing is that this thinker on art, politics, culture, and education should have the time for poetry. True, he has written *Wordsworth, Form in Modern Poetry,* and *The Nature of Literature,* but he has usually kept a distinction between theory and practice. In his own words, he has set up criticism as a tenth muse – the one Spender called "the substitute muse of the varsities."

**Little known outside Germany,** Edzard Schaper has been publishing successful short stories in traditional form for over three decades. He was born in Posen Province and studied music and theater, but switched to writing novels and short stories. He was condemned to death by both the Russians and the Nazis after his 1940 flight to Finland, an experience that led to his conversion to Catholicism. This theological propensity shapes the theme of his first book of collected stories, *Gesämmelte Erzählungen* (Jakob Hegner, Cologne): man in the sight of God here on earth. His characters are for the most part members of what another book of his calls the dying church, "living a life of concealment." According to *Die Welt der Literatur,* "Schaper gives his stories the character of unprecedented events in the classical sense." A powerful if conventional talent.

**Salvador Dalí** is in the news again. Or was he ever out if it? Anyway, the latest in the interview series *Entretiens,* published by Pierre Belfond, is a collection of conversations with the only true Surrealist left who lives the doctrine night and day. Also the only one whose name is always mispronounced (dah-*lee,* please). Among the intelligence gathered by his interviewer, Alain Bosquet, is news on what will no doubt remain Dalí's most ambitious project since his abortive plan for a Surrealist bullfight in Spain with a helicopter hauling off the dead bulls. The painter explains: "The divine Dalí is in the throes of rewriting completely the current edition of the *Nouveau Petit Larousse.* I have been revising the definitions and have written an average of five pages a day. In a few years I shall have my own Larousse, and the world will be able to learn what I think of everything. One will merely open the book at the desired page and know what I think. It's fascinating. The *Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré,* by Dalí."

I wonder if Dalí ever took a motor trip across the United States. It might explain that Surrealistic motel registration found by Humbert Humbert in his pursuit of Lolita: "N. Petit, Larousse, Ill." —Robert J. Clements.

# Discoverers or Desperados?

***The Early Spanish Main,*** *by Carl O. Sauer (University of California Press. 306 pp. $7.95), evokes with vivid characterizations the avaricious and shortsighted conquistadores who callously depleted the natural resources of the Caribbean coast of South America and the greater Antillean islands. J. H. Parry, Gardiner Professor of Oceanic History and Affairs at Harvard, wrote "The Spanish Seaborne Empire," which will be reviewed in an early issue.*

By J. H. PARRY

IN 1492, Columbus discovered in the Western Atlantic a group of islands, which he believed lay near the east coast of the mainland of Asia—an error which, though not universally accepted, appealed to the imaginations and confused the minds of his contemporaries for more than a decade. In 1519 Hernán Cortés embarked on his famous campaign against the Aztec masters of central Mexico. In the confused and violent years between these well-known dates, the greater Antillean islands were settled by Spaniards, and the mainland coasts of the southern and western Caribbean were explored and, in places, settled. With few exceptions, those who took part in the process were interested less in discovery than in slaving, pearling, and collecting gold, whether by barter or by theft. The story was one of raiding and random prospecting rather than systematic exploration.

Settlement consisted of billeting Spaniards upon an existing and, on the whole, unresisting native population, rather than of conscious planning of European colonies. Colonies were established, certainly, but in an undisciplined and extremely wasteful fashion. The consequences of their establishment were a rapid and careless depletion of natural resources, appalling human suffering, the progressive destruction of an inoffensive, primitive people, the extinction of an entire way of life. Three decades of heedless devastation supplied the experience upon which Spanish administrators had to draw when, in the 1520s and 1530s, they were faced with the problem of organizing colonies far more populous and productive than the pitiful empire of the islands.

**Carl O. Sauer—"series of informed, sound, and balanced judgments."**

In contrast with the famous exploits of Columbus and Cortés, this process of exploration, settlement, and destruction has attracted comparatively little attention from serious scholars in modern times. To the task of describing and explaining it Carl O. Sauer brings a remarkable breadth and diversity of knowledge, as geographer, anthropologist, and historian.

He gives a wide interpretation to the term "Spanish Main." Spaniards of the time distinguished between the Main strictly so-called—*Tierra firme,* the Caribbean coast of mainland South America—and the *Islas,* the Antilles. English smugglers and raiders, interested both in harrying harbors and in seizing ships, extended the meaning of "Main" to include both the coast and its sea approaches. Professor Sauer extends it further still, to cover the whole area—coast, islands, and sea. This is a sensible definition, for, as he points out, this area has a natural unity, and there is no other compact general term, unless one is to use "Circumcaribbean Region" or some such cumbersome neologism.

The area was described not only by Columbus and others of the early explorers, but also by Las Casas and Oviedo, both of whom, especially Las Casas, knew it well in the early decades after the discovery. Their descriptions have been supplemented by modern archeological work, particularly that of Sven Lovén in the islands. In summariz-



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ing this considerable mass of information Professor Sauer has the advantages not only of a lifetime of experience as a historical geographer, but also of personal knowledge of the islands as they are today.

He pays proper tribute to the accuracy of the observations in Las Casas's *Apologética Historia*. That immense and rambling work has been much underrated by many historians; Professor Sauer must be one of the very few modern scholars who have read it through. He takes Lovén to task for misusing the word "Taino," which denoted a social class rather than a people. He deplores the cupidity that made Juan de la Cosa, the eminent navigator and early shipmate of Columbus, turn his attention from cartography to slave-raiding; la Cosa's death from a Chibcha poisoned arrow must have robbed historians of much precious information about the Colombian coast. He renders belated justice to Andrés de Morales, the gifted and careful cartographer of Hispaniola. The whole chapter on the aboriginal condition of the islands is a masterpiece of precise condensation.

The story of the major exploring expeditions is succinctly told, with crisp and confident characterization of the leaders—Ojeda, the shifty desperado; the Guerra brothers, bold entrepreneurs of the pearl fishery; Nicuesa, the overconfident fool. Columbus receives perhaps unduly rough handling. That he lacked the talents of a successful colonial governor is certain. He was greedy for gold; but who in this catalogue was not? He had an overexuberant imagination, amounting often to self-deception, and it may well be argued that disappointment in his later years affected his mind; but surely his gifts as a seagoing commander and a self-taught (if somewhat old-fashioned) navigator are well established. More than twenty years ago, Samuel Eliot Morison called attention to the uncanny accuracy of his dead-reckoning; Columbus carried a compass rose in his head.

Over half of Professor Sauer's book is concerned with settlement and early government, and here the characterization of the principal actors is sharper still. There are brilliant sketches of the callous, stupid greed of Pedrarias Dávila in Castilla del Oro; of the vigorous leadership, sound judgment, and relative moderation of Balboa; of the lazy, slovenly exploitation of Cuba by Diego de Velázquez. Bobadilla is painted not as the familiar arbitrary tyrant and oppressor of Columbus, but as a conscientious if unimaginative officer who had good reason, according to his lights, for his arbitrary actions. The evidence for this judgment is slender. Ovando emerges a curiously shadowy figure, though there is an uncompromising account of his severities against the Arawaks of Hispaniola. We are also given a brief and most unattractive picture of the callous and avaricious—though able—cabal in Spain, led by Rodríguez de Fonseca, to whom Ferdinand entrusted the organization – and taxation – of his newly-won dominions.

The story is a complex one. Professor Sauer has written by far the best summary of it that has yet appeared. His book does not contain new information, in the sense of information not formerly available in print, but it sheds much new light. The study offers a remarkable series of informed, sound, and balanced judgments, some of which are moral ones. The story is tragic as well as complex, and moral judgments could hardly be avoided. Here is what Dr. Sauer has to say about the fate of the natives of the Antilles:

> To most of those who held power in the early years the Indians were manpower and nothing else. It is significant that the first census in the New World was a statistic of native numbers as to age suited to labor. What happened to the natives determined the character of the Spanish colonies. The responsibility for the course of events is divided between those in charge in the new possessions and those who gave directions in Spain. That things went so very badly is due in part to inexperience in administering a suddenly acquired and unexpected colonial empire, to its remoteness and poor communications, to internal troubles in Spain, and to involvement in European quarrels. We may not forget that Spaniards were the severest and most insistent critics of the sad state of their own colonies and that gradually they brought about admirable reforms.

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**The Author:** Partisans of Christopher Columbus had some bad moments a few months ago when Yale University unveiled its "Vinland Map" as new and concrete evidence that Norsemen had been in North America long before the Genoese navigator arrived. Columbians may be in for another shock this week with the release of a scholarly work by Carl O. Sauer, *The Early Spanish Main*.

A renowned specialist in human geography, whose knowledge of Latin American terrain, flora, fauna, and the living habits of pre-Columbian natives is almost encyclopedic, Dr. Sauer has applied his own brand of detective work in original sources to trace what really happened in the New World from 1492 to 1519. Columbus comes out rather badly in the result.

Actually, the author emphasizes, his appraisal of Columbus is a minor theme in this book, which never was designed as a popular history, although a wide lay audience is anticipated for it.*The Early Spanish Main* was planned as a monograph. But in human geography you can't keep your sights too narrow, the amiable, pipe - smoking scholar explained during a recent interview; and the monograph got out of hand. More and more accepted legends in the Columbus saga had to be proved wrong; centuries of press-agentry had to be stripped away. (The navigator's son Ferdinand's filial work of devotion, for example, must be used with "extreme caution.")

This digging deeper and deeper into a scholarly theme is typical of Dr. Sauer's work pattern. In effect, *The Early Spanish Main* is the result of some forty-three years of such digging. Professor Sauer came to Berkeley in 1923, a University of Michigan specialist in Midwest geography. He intended to concentrate on the California terrain, but found that this geographical field was already overcrowded with good men. So he set his sights south, to Mexican Baja California, where he first explored Spanish Jesuit mission ruins and Indian culture with a group of graduate students on holiday.

Dr. Sauer concentrated on the missions of northwest Mexico, that intelligent and unique Jesuit extension of New Spain that was sympathetic to the Indians, their language, even their gods. Over the years, the scholar's interests were drawn farther south and east, finally to the Caribbean. His discoveries have resulted in a new tapestry of the sad saga of New Spain. *The Early Spanish Main* is the essence of those discoveries.

Romantics may not like the book. In biography, history, or human geography, the author explained, one must take sides, must commit himself. Americans especially are likely to have built-in partisanship in any endeavor—Republican or Democrat, Giant fan or Dodger rooter. However, if such partisanship should reach to the Christopher Columbus story, one must not ignore the facts.

Ten years retired from the classroom, Dr. Sauer is still engaged in scholarly (perhaps controversial) detective work. His next book, *In Northern Mists*, will be a re-evaluation of North Atlantic seafaring during the Middle Ages—feats of navigation by Basques, Bretons, Norsemen, the early English, and the fantastically underrated, sophisticated Irish maritime pioneers. "Do you know," the scholar asked, with pipe pointed menacingly at us, "that the Irish may have reached North America long before the Vikings?" —WILLIAM HOGAN.



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# In the Days of Knights

***The Crusades,** by Zoé Oldenbourg, translated from the French by Anne Carter (Pantheon. 650 pp. $6.95), brings the novelist's insight to a historical account of Europe's first collective military enterprise. Thomas G. Bergin is professor of Romance languages at Yale and author of a recent study of Dante.*

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

THE CRUSADES—that series of intermittent assaults of the West on the infidel East—cover some 200 years of warfare, from the fiery incitements of Peter the Hermit (of "contemptible appearance," as Gibbon affirms) in 1095 to the fall of Acre, the last bastion of Christianity, in 1291. They make up a remarkable chapter in our history.

They can be seen as the first great collective military enterprise in which all of Europe participated. They can be studied for what they have to tell us about a truly significant if sanguinary contact between East and West. They fascinate us for their religious and even mystical aspects. They are also an inexhaustible mine for those who look for golden tales of battle, romance, intrigue, and high adventure. And they provide a background, exotic and colorful in itself, for a magnificent cast of characters, ranging from the dedicated saint to the brutal gangster, from the valiant and simple man of action to the most astute conniver, from the victorious general to the pathetic and forsaken widow.

Individual personalities and specific episodes could furnish—indeed, have furnished—the fancy of poets and writers with the best raw material. To indicate the wealth of motifs it is sufficient to call to mind the affair of the holy lance, the combats of Richard and Saladin, the sad saga of the Leper King ("one of the greatest examples of moral fiber in all of history," as Zoé Oldenbourg well says). The place names are evocative: Ascalon, Tripoli, Damascus, Aleppo; and those of the actors no less so: Bohemond, Tancred, Raymond of St. Gilles, Melisende, Queen Regent of Jerusalem. The stage is almost overcluttered with knights, barons, seneschals, caliphs, viziers, and atabegs.

Even in their own day the Crusades were tolerably well documented. Considering the period, they have an abundance of chroniclers—Latin, Byzantine, and Moslem, all of whom have been studied and restudied, edited, corrected, and interpreted by a number of historians of modern times. Only recently Steven Runciman brought to a conclusion his three-volume history of the era. Even so, many puzzles remain. Why did the Crusades start just when they did? After all, as Miss Oldenbourg points out, the Christian world had for centuries tolerated the domination of the Holy Land by the infidel. Was their motivation piety, greed, or the restlessness of a ruling class that knew no pastime but war and could no longer find enough of it at home? Or was it rather, as Miss Oldenbourg seems at times to suggest, a kind of instinctive urge similar to that which in Tolstoy's view led the French to their invasion of Russia? Were the Crusaders looking for the Earthly or the Heavenly Jerusalem?

SINCE the ground has been gone over so often one may ask why we have yet another book (a large one, too) on this subject. Miss Oldenbourg, though she has prepared herself well, has unearthed nothing new as far as the facts are concerned, nor are her interpretations of causes and effects strikingly novel. Her book, which covers only the first hundred years, from Godfrey to Richard, is well worth reading all the same, and this, it seems to me, for the element of the personal that she brings into it. She is not afraid to hazard her guesses as to the motivations of these long-departed warriors; she participates with the intuition of the novelist in their crises and their decisions, and she gives us lively sketches of their personalities, not omitting physical descriptions. The result is an absorbing work, true history set forth with the empathy of a creative writer.

There are, to be sure, pages that are hard-going: the interminable series of alliances, betrayals, vendettas, and jockeyings for position that went on during the eighty years of the Latin kingdom, while sad and moving in its implications, is pointless and dull in detailed accounting. Indeed, Miss Oldenbourg, speaking of those purely local squabbles, concedes that "any account however abbreviated would overwhelm the patient reader with endless repetition of place names (often the same) . . . and the names of men . . . coming and going so fast that any attempt to keep track of them is doomed to failure." But boredom and frustration were in fact a part of the exercise.

—*From the book.*

**Frederick I Barbarossa—a stage cluttered with caliphs, viziers, and atabegs.**

If we read the book as we do a novel we may close it with a sense of gratitude for the royal entertainment it has provided. When we think of it as a chapter in history we can, I think, feel only a sense of depression. For the result of the Crusades was not ultimately to free the sepulcher; when the smoke cleared away, the infidel was more firmly entrenched than ever before. The political result was in fact to destroy the Eastern Empire (though Miss Oldenbourg does not take us that far) and eventually to allow the Turk to overrun the Balkans and threaten the walls of Vienna.

Perhaps there were some cultural gains; silks, spices, and a kind of tolerance of comfortable living were brought into the West as a result of the great adventure, but one suspects Italian traders would have found less bloody ways of effecting this result. Saddest of all to contemplate is the disintegration of the truly religious impulse which, under force of circumstance, gave way to calculation and hypocrisy. As for the sins committed in the name of Christian piety (the sack of Jerusalem, for example) it is best not to think about them.

Yet the Crusades remain a glamorous and meaningful episode in our history and, even more, a kind of outer symbol of the mixed elements that combine in our heritage: the old Teutonic joy of battle, the thrust for power and property, the impulse to action for its own sake, the authentic need, however it may be manipulated and betrayed, for an ideal. No, the Crusaders were not so very different from us, and in bringing them to life again Miss Oldenbourg teaches us something about ourselves.



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# THE CASE AGAINST EICHMANN CONTINUES

**The prosecution cannot rest while there are those who prefer to forget**

***Justice in Jerusalem,*** *by Gideon Hausner (Harper & Row. 528 pp. $12.50), and* ***And the Crooked Shall Be Made Straight,*** *by Jacob Robinson (Macmillan. 406 pp. $6.95), plead Israel's case in the trial of Adolf Eichmann. Arnold L. Fein, a judge in the Civil Court of the City of New York, was a War Crimes Prosecutor in Manila.*

By ARNOLD L. FEIN

"HOW DOES one speak for six million dead?" asks Gideon Hausner.

> As I stand before you, Judges of Israel, to lead the prosecution of Adolf Eichmann, I do not stand alone. With me, in this place and at this hour, stand six million accusers. . . . Their blood cries out, but their voices are not heard. Therefore it falls to me to be their spokesman and to unfold in their name the awesome indictment.

Thus began the opening of the Attorney General of Israel, in the case against Adolf Eichmann. It concluded:

> Adolf Eichmann will enjoy a privilege he did not accord to even a single one of his victims. He will be able to defend himself before the court. His fate will be decided according to the law and the evidence, with the burden of proof resting upon the prosecution.
>
> And the judges of Israel will pronounce true and righteous judgment.

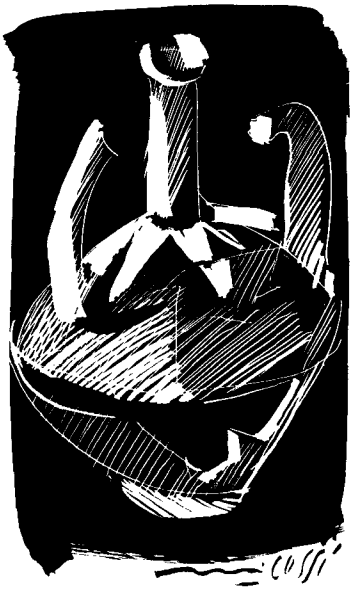
Some two months later, the almost incredible case had been made. With monumental skill and painstaking care, Hausner and his staff had marshaled and presented the long record of terror and torture, of infamy and inhumanity, of murder and massacre which implemented the Nazi decision to set a race of man, the Jews, apart for dispersal and destruction. Victim and witness, document and record, once again had given living, terrifying reality to what had become only an uncomfortable statistic: six million dead.

And then Hausner concluded his summation with the same theme with which he had begun:

> In this period of the return of the exiles of Judea and Jerusalem, justice is being done here; the trial is taking place here for the blood of the righteous that was spilled, as the Prophet Joel foretold. And again I ask you, Judges of Israel, render a just and truthful verdict.

Now in this book Hausner appeals to the world, with anger and passion, and perhaps too much self-righteousness. It is not an easy task for the prosecutor of one of the perpetrators of such monstrous crimes to defend his work before a world community all too willing to forget. This may account in part for the stress and strain of the book and the scorn and sarcasm Hausner visits on the critics of the trial and the judgment. Be that as it may, the book needs reading, perhaps mostly by those who think it is time to forget, that we have heard it often enough.

In the Jewish Passover Service, the inquiry is posed as to why the story of the Jews in Egypt and the Exodus must be told each year. The wise, the wicked, the simple and the indifferent son, each, in his own way, indicates his inability to comprehend the need to retell the many-times-told tale. The Passover Service has historically served as a prayer, as a vehicle to preserve the Jewish identity, and as both a crutch and a banner through the generations of discrimination, persecution, and dispersal. Hausner's book, though of a far different genre, is another chapter in the saga.



The book begins by fitting Eichmann into the Nazi program for destroying the Jews and by defining his attitudes and background. In 1935 he was assigned, as a sergeant, to the Jewish Department of the SD, the Security Service of the S.S. He began to teach himself Hebrew and Yiddish. Commissioned in 1937, he was sent to the Middle East and to Palestine to look over and report on the situation there.

Immediately after the Austrian Anschluss he was sent to Vienna, as an expert on Jewish affairs. There he organized a headquarters, Zentralstelle, to strip the Jews of their homes, property, and jobs in return for passports with the letter "J," valid for two weeks, needing foreign visas to permit travel into a world unwilling to take them. The alternative, if they did not or could not emigrate, was the concentration camp. As testified to at the trial it was "like a factory. . . . A man was just passed on like an inanimate object in an automat."

TO implement the emigration a fund was created by forcing rich Jews to buy foreign currency from the Reichsbank at enormously high rates of exchange and by sending Jewish leaders abroad to obtain donations of millions of dollars for the emigration of the poor. This he called the "Final Solution," which first meant enforced emigration abroad for a ransom and later massive deportations to the concentration camps and death.

After the Kristalnacht pogroms in Germany, which followed the peace at Munich in the fall of 1938, the model procedure established by Eichmann in Vienna became the norm. And Eichmann, in Vienna, warned the Jewish leadership that the pattern of pogroms would be followed in Austria. Shortly thereafter Eichmann was brought back to Berlin to install his system. Soon he was to do the same in Czechoslovakia. The war had not yet begun, and Eichmann was already running the Central Office for Jewish Emigration with its three branches.

With the beginning of the war the job took on many new aspects, which changed as the years went by and the fortunes of war varied. First came the marking of the Jews with the yellow badge, for which Eichmann was the central authority. Then came the local concentration of European Jews, their ghet-



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# How to Build a Missile Submarine: A report from General Dynamics

**REQUIREMENT:** "Build a missile base that can be hidden under the ocean; that can keep moving so swiftly, so quietly, that it cannot be found. Although it will never be used unless the United States is first attacked, build it so that it and its crew can be kept so fit, so efficient, that it can respond instantly should the order come."

**ANSWER:** The SSBN—Submarine Ballistic Nuclear—more commonly known as the Polaris submarine.

The nuclear-powered submarine has revolutionized naval strategy. Freed from dependence upon the atmosphere or refueling, such a ship can remain submerged for months on end. The addition of a ballistic missile that can be fired from beneath the sea creates an invulnerable deterrent against attack.

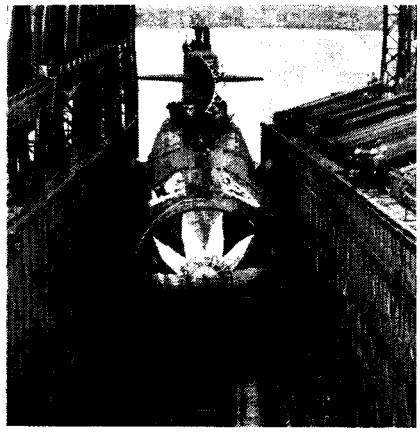
General Dynamics delivered the United States Navy's first submarine, the Holland, in 1900. Since then we've built 250 undersea vessels for the Navy, including the first nuclear-powered submersible, the Nautilus.

But the Navy's Polaris submarine, the most complex ship yet devised, has also created a revolution in shipbuilding. Questions of seaworthiness and habitability that must be factored into any ship are multiplied a thousandfold.

## Jigsaw puzzle:

The first essential in building a missile submarine is the integration of literally millions of parts, all of which must be designed to work together as a unity within the 425-foot length of the fish-shaped ship. Here are a few:

A nuclear reactor, turbines, gyroscopes, marine propulsion equipment, sixteen nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles, fire-control and navigation systems, water distillers, air purifying equipment,



*A new Polaris submarine being launched by General Dynamics.*

computers and defensive weaponry.

Navigation and weapons control alone involve six different sonar systems, fourteen different radio systems, two or three Ship Inertial Navigation Systems, a LORAN (Long Range Aid to Navigation) system, a TRANSIT system (for contact with satellites), star tracking facilities and almost forty computers. All these, scattered throughout the ship, must be tied together into one central control for instant reaction.

The ship must even carry its own spares, more than 30,000 different listings, each representing several sizes.

But creating a complete Polaris submarine system involves far more than a fitting job.

How do you join metals to withstand terrific pressures? How often does a man turn in his sleep? How do you keep a missile platform rock-steady in a rough sea? How do you muffle the noise of moving parts? How do you keep air fresh in a sealed environment?

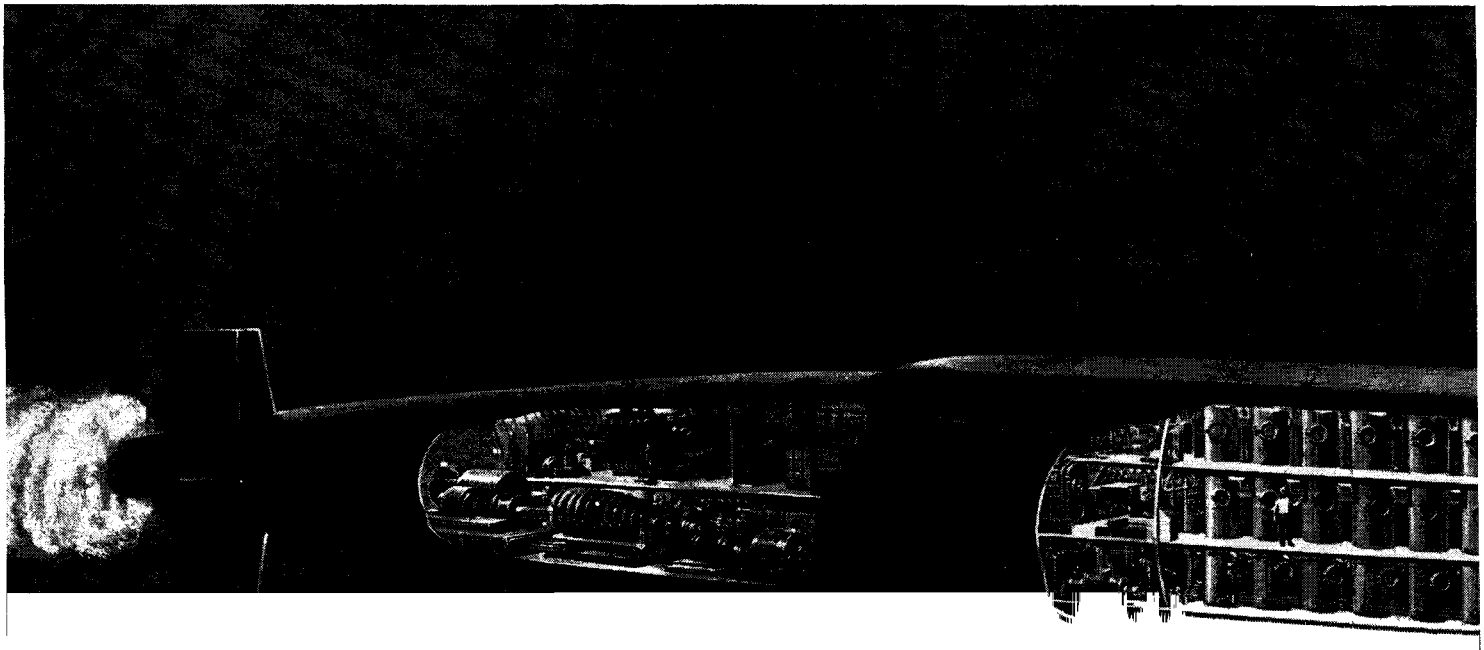
## Steady and quiet:

SSBNs are built of HY-80 steel, an alloy that can withstand stresses of up to 80,000 pounds per square inch.

But when the first ship was being built of HY-80, the metal behaved differently on outdoor building ways than it had in prior laboratory tests. The answer turned out to be one of the simpler ones. Indoor metallurgical laboratories had been warm. Outdoors, the weather got cold. Now strip heaters warm steel hull sections to a constant 200 degrees, regardless of weather, throughout the joining process.

To launch a Polaris missile successfully, the ship must be as stable a platform as solid earth, maintaining precise depth no matter how rough the sea. Making this possible was one of the toughest single design problems.

A submarine is controlled through a combination of rudders, planes (somewhat like the wings of an aircraft), and



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ballasting. To rise or descend, the ship must take on or force out ballast, in the form of tons of water. Ballast in various areas of a ship is continually being changed to maintain trim. An elaborate sensing and control system was developed to coordinate all parts of the complex in a perfect and delicate ballet.

In the depths, a nuclear submarine can be located mainly by sound. Anything that moves is soundproofed or cushioned. Shaft vibration of electric motors is reduced to less than ten-millionths of an inch. Hull openings, through which thousands of gallons of water must flow within seconds, are designed to minimize turbulence noise.

The millions of parts are supplied by some 11,000 industrial companies and Government agencies.

To insure total reliability, General Dynamics makes more than 50,000 tests —radiographic, ultrasonic, chemical and hydrostatic—on the ship's systems, not counting those on electronics and weaponry. Even nuts and bolts must be standardized and inspected.

## Making it livable:

Extended submerged patrol also created new questions of habitability. More than 75 percent of the total space inside a missile submarine is taken up by equipment or stores. In the remaining area some 140 men must live and work, comfortably and efficiently, for 60 days.

The submarine's galleys, not much bigger than the average suburban kitchen, are organized to store, prepare and serve more than 800 full-course meals or snacks every day. Compact equipment distills 10,000 gallons of potable water daily. Laundries, pianos, ice-cream machines, are adapted to fit the available space.

Even sleep became a design problem. A seven-inch differential in the original space between multi-tiered bunks lets a crewman toss and turn normally to rest tired muscles.

On patrol the undersea sailor is rarely more than 150 feet from an operating nuclear reactor, yet shielding is made so effective that the submariner absorbs less total radiation than he would under normal surface conditions.

*Crewmen on a Polaris submarine conduct a missile launch drill.*

## Breathing easy:

With nuclear propulsion, engines no longer need air, but men do.

The average young adult male breathes in about two pounds of oxygen each day; breathes out about two and one quarter pounds of carbon dioxide. In a sealed atmosphere the air could quickly become poisonous. The first nuclear submarines still surfaced periodically to refresh the air. When sustained submersion became the rule, air regeneration became necessary.

Oxygen is electrolytically processed from water. Banks of scrubbers, precipitators and catalytic burners remove the carbon dioxide and the 300 or so contaminants that can build up within a nuclear submarine.

Enough air conditioning to cool a small town dissipates the heat generated by machinery and human bodies. At the end of a long patrol, the air aboard a missile submarine is far cleaner than that of the average American city.

General Dynamics delivered the George Washington, the first Polaris submarine, in 1959. This month we launch the Will Rogers, the forty-first of these extraordinary ships that help the United States Navy guard the peace of the world.

Between the George Washington and the Will Rogers, a number of evolutions have taken place. New generations of submarine ships may be as much an advance over current models as the Polaris submarine is over the old Holland.

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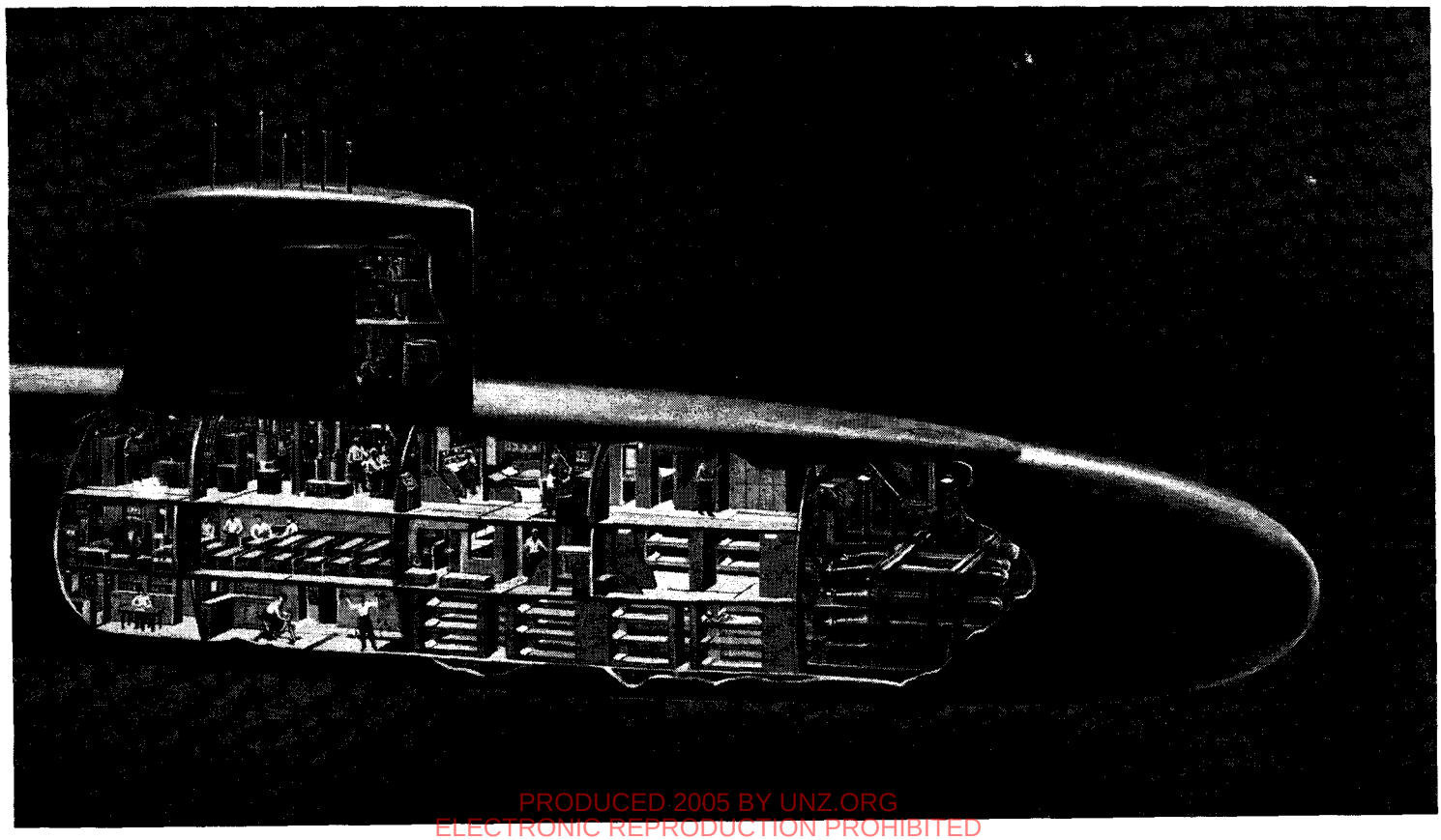
*General Dynamics* is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

**GENERAL DYNAMICS**

*One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020*



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torization, in which Eichmann played a large role. There followed the murder of individual Jews, largely in ex-Soviet areas, not under Eichmann's supervision. Then, the master-stroke—the "Final Solution," the roundup of all accessible Jews for deportation to specific areas, in which Eichmann played a vital role. Ultimately the death camps were created, for the systematic exploitation and massacre of all Jews. These were not under Eichmann's supervision, but he knew their function and provided the victims.

In 1939 Eichmann attended and participated in the meeting which decided upon the concentration of the Polish Jews near the railway centers for transportation. Later he helped to select the Nisko region as a territorial dumping ground for Jews from all sources. "There is no water," he told the arrivals. "The wells are infected with cholera, typhoid, and dysentery. If you drill and find water, you will have it. Once you cross the river you will never come back."

Soon a new department, IV-D-4, was established to deal with deportations and emigration, under Eichmann. The Nisko project failed, for a variety of reasons, but the program for concentrating Jews in ghetto areas was accelerated, with Eichmann as one of the chief protagonists. From these ghettos untold thousands were shipped to the Einsatzgrippen murder camps and areas, with Eichmann's knowledge, participation, and consent and on his occasional recommendation. Although there were economic, transportation, and other difficulties involved in the deportation of Jews to these places, Eichmann directed the unremitting application of "the same measures that apply to the solution of the Jewish problem throughout Europe." Deportation from Germany and elsewhere followed as part of the "overall measures." Engaged as he was in the big project, Eichmann was not too busy to insure that the Latvian Jewish wife of a high Italian Fascist officer was retained in the Riga concentration camp in the face of entreaties for her release by the Italian Fascist Party.

In January 1942 at Wannsee, a suburb of Berlin, a meeting of all high-ranking officials was called by Heydrich to work out the Final Solution. The agenda and the invitations were Eichmann's. Emigration of the Jews was no longer feasible. The Final Solution was to rob them, deport them to the East, work them beyond endurance, and kill them. Among the matters discussed were the easiest, cheapest, and quickest methods for mass killing. Eichmann, the department head, was to develop and supervise all organizational, technical, and material requirements. Eichmann said this "Enabling Conference" gave him a "Pontius Pilate feeling." But this did not stop him from traveling through much of Europe as the "competent authority" to carry out the Final Solution.

THERE were two similar conferences at Eichmann's headquarters. The Final Solution had to proceed despite crossing of lines of command and serious economic, transportation, and military problems. Europe had to be combed from "West to East" for Jews, their property confiscated, their bodies broken and finally destroyed. Eichmann wrote, "Any exception will create a precedent which would impede the dejudaization measures." And the end of the "dejudaization measures" was the concentration camps, the death centers, which Eichmann visited and inspected. Almost to the very end he saw to the deportation of thousands per day to these camps, in one frenzied instance organizing in detail the round-up of 400,000 Jews of Budapest in a single day. This in the face of fierce competition for resources for actual military needs.

Here is the man whom Hannah Arendt calls "banal," a common man, a mere lieutenant-colonel, a simple order-taker and transmitter. Hannah Arendt's skill as a writer compared with that of Hausner should not bemuse us. No reader of his book can understand or come away with any belief in Miss Arendt's notion that Eichmann was a mere routine civil servant obeying orders, a man of limited attainments.

Hausner's book is aggravating and difficult. The thread is sometimes hard to follow. Jacob Robinson's *And the Crooked Shall Be Made Straight*, published last September, is even more trying. It is a skillful and erudite lawyer's brief, but it overproves the case. Designed as an answer to Miss Arendt, it analyzes her *Eichmann in Jerusalem* on a picayune, paragraph by paragraph basis. According to Dr. Robinson, Miss Arendt was almost always wrong and Hausner almost always right.

Neither is true. But the central facts remain. Six million Jews were killed, mostly in cold blood, not on battlefields, not in bombings, but as a part of a callously and carefully designed program of mass murder. And Adolf Eichmann played a knowing, conscious, and vital leadership role in the organized massacre. Miss Arendt agrees he should have been hanged. The difficulty, she says, is that he was tried for the wrong crimes, in the wrong place, by the wrong court, and prosecuted by a man guilty of "theatrics characteristic of a more than ordinary vanity." In this vein she sneers at Hausner's opening and summation, inveighing that he spoke in the name of the victims and not in the name of the community whose law was violated. She rightly observes that the wrongdoer is brought to trial to vindicate the rights of the entire society, not those of the wronged individuals. Perhaps Hausner was too emotional and overemphasized his role as the spokesman for the victims. But how his superbly eloquent opening and summation undermined the validity of the trial does not appear from Miss Arendt's pastiche of legal arguments.

The legal problems involved in the trial of Eichmann cannot be adequately treated within the limits of a book review. The questions raised concerning the kidnapping of Eichmann, the jurisdiction of the Israeli court, the alternatives of a German court or an Argentinian court or an international court would require extended, technical treatment. They are dealt with in some measure by Gideon Hausner and Dr. Robinson and by many commentators quoted by both. The legal literature on these subjects is extensive. Much of what has been written does not fairly face and honestly answer the political problems involved in finding or creating an appropriate court, *ad hoc* or otherwise, which would conform to the varying standards

*"Ralph! I thought you weren't coming to the Cape this summer!"*



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of the many critics. The short answer is that in our time no such court exists or could be created. Nor is there any evidence that such a court would provide a fairer or more just tribunal. Most of the jurisdictional problems would in any event remain, although they might vary in emphasis, depending on the choice.

It is fair also to suggest that the defenses of "superior orders" and "law of the land" raised by Eichmann with some measure of approval by Miss Arendt are equally untenable. Eichmann's level of responsibility and aggressive pursuit of his task, amply demonstrated by Hausner, negate both defenses unless we are prepared to accept the concept that cold-blooded mass-killing of people because of race, religion, or class is defensible as an instrument of national policy so long as it is buttressed by forms of legality. There are problems enough, so far incapable of resolution, in determining what methods of waging actual war are unlawful, in a world that is unwilling to agree and act on the assumption that all war is legally as well as morally indefensible. We need not retreat to the concept that genocide is lawful because of failure to agree on its precise meaning and application.

As Justice Jackson urged, there must be a beginning. Nuremburg, the successor trials, the trials in Manila and Tokyo, the trial of Eichmann—all are such beginnings. Each of them is subject to criticism. The way is not yet clear, but the direction is undoubted. The reviewer is reminded of his own experience as a War Crimes Prosecutor in Manila. The defendant, Colonel Nagahama, Commanding Officer of the Japanese Kempeitai (somewhat similar to the German S.S. or Gestapo) in the Philippines in the last year of the war, expressed shock and surprise at his prosecution. He noted that the atrocities charged against him and his command were not too different from those committed by and under him in the 1930s when he had performed similar duty in Manchuria and North China. Perhaps, he suggested, his real crime was that he did not understand that there was a distinction among the races, that it was unlawful to treat Filipinos and Americans, and even Chinese who dwelt among them, in the same manner as one had treated Chinese in their own country.

Gideon Hausner has well posed the fundamental question of this century, which is not only peace but the rights of man, even the least of them. He spoke not only for six million dead, but for all men, and so the indictment laid in his book must be read and answered.

It is not an answer to say, as Miss Arendt does, that there was a failure to make the necessary showing of personal guilt and specific intent on Eichmann's part. This she premises on his assertion that he had no personal animosities against the Jews, that they were not persecuted individually, and that it was a political solution. Aside from the fact that the evidence negated the factual bases for such conclusion, it is palpable that Miss Arendt's argument is founded on a misunderstanding of the concept of criminal intent. Much has been written on this difficult subject, far beyond the space limitations here. It is enough, however, to observe that intent and personal guilt are shown when it is demonstrated that one has deliberately performed an overt act with the knowledge and understanding that it would inevitably result in death. This is perhaps an oversimplification. It is nonetheless basic. That the case was made against Eichmann is manifest.

*"Ready—you tell it, in Russian, 'Down with collectivism'; and I tell it, in English, 'Get out of Vietnam.' That ought to set their space programs back a couple of years."*

Nor need we be deluded by the seemingly interminable argument that this trial as all others of similar genre was a trial in the court of the victors. In the end, what trial is not? The prisoner in the dock is there because he has refused or is unable or unwilling to cope, meet with, or abide by the rules of the society in which he lives. His prosecutor, judge, and jury have presumably conformed. The procedural safeguards which are the essence of a just society are designed to reduce to the ultimate limit or to eliminate the impact of these facts. But in the absolute sense the facts remain. A criminal prosecution ultimately can never be bland.

The debate among Hausner, Miss Arendt, Dr. Robinson, and others about the alleged cooperation of the Jews in their own destruction deserves a volume of discussion by itself. It is not enough to counter the heroism of the Warsaw ghetto with a discussion of the intolerable role of Jacob Gens, leader of the Wilna ghetto who contended it was necessary to surrender thousands to save tens of thousands. Centuries of oppression and a history of the development of techniques of salvation through retreat, cooperation, and escape undoubtedly had their effect on the Jews as they have on so many other minorities and majorities under the heel. Miss Arendt is seemingly incapable of accepting the concept that the Jews of Europe were people, subject to the weaknesses and strengths of that condition. The instinct for survival manifests itself in many ways in all men. Only the critics know best how it should have been. The trial of Adolf Eichmann and Gideon Hausner's role in it are another manifestation of the will to survive and the need to find a way. Hausner's book illuminates some dark corners and points some of the directions.



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# The Bomb in Hitler's Bunker

***Soldiers' Revolt,*** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Harper & Row. 416 pp. $5.95), offers a fictional account based on the German officers' plot to assassinate Hitler in 1944. Edward M. Potoker is an assistant professor of comparative literature at the City College of New York.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

JULY 20, 1944, a sweltering Thursday, "slunk wearily into Central Europe like a hunted beast." The Allies, having captured Caen, started to clear the route to Paris by bombing. The Russians smashed toward the borders of East Prussia. There were partisan attacks in Italy, uprisings in the Balkans. Hamburg, Munich, and Berlin were blasted unceasingly day and night. Germany, almost completely brutalized from within, was bleeding to death.

At 12:30 P.M. of that day Adolf Hitler scheduled the daily staff conference in his command bunker at the *Wolfsschanze* (Wolf's Lair) in Rastenburg, East Prussia. Attending the conference was Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg, scion of South German aristocrats, a lover of music, nature, and, we are told, the poetry of Stefan George. The thirty-six-year-old von Stauffenberg, once nicknamed a "darling of the gods," had been transformed into a physical wreck on April 7, 1943, in North Africa. Allied aircraft, in a low-level attack, had shattered his face, both hands, and one knee, leaving him after his recovery with one eye, one good arm, and three usable fingers on his left hand. Upon entering the bunker, Hitler, unable to resist playing the role of a warlord greeting one of his wounded warriors, welcomed Colonel von Stauffenberg warmly. Stauffenberg waited politely for several minutes before he slipped out of the bunker. He left behind him a large briefcase containing an elaborately constructed plastic time bomb, symbol of his affection and respect for the Fuehrer.

This bomb, unlike a few earlier ones allegedly planted by German officers, actually exploded, turning Hitler's bunker into a shambles. Several high-ranking officers were instantly killed, others fatally wounded. Hitler, tottering with shock, emerged from the smoking rubble with no more than a few bruises, scrapes, burns, and one punctured eardrum. The Fuehrer and his herd of attendant toadies—Field Marshal Keitel, General Jodl, *Reichsleiter* Bormann, and *Reichsfuehrer*-SS Himmler—attributed this "miracle" to an act of "Providence," but it can be more simply regarded as a routine fiasco of German military staff planning. Reprisals against von Stauffenberg and his associates—a group of aristocratic army officers with a sprinkling of pre-Hitlerian civil servants, operating out of the Bendlerstrasse (Replacement Army Headquarters, Berlin)—were swift and, of course, unspeakably brutal.

These events, as well as those that led up to and from them, constitute the subject matter of Hans Hellmut Kirst's newest book, the documentary novel *Soldiers' Revolt* (which in the interests of accuracy should have been called "Officers' Revolt"). Kirst claims that the book is based on fact: "Names, dates, and events accord with reality, and numerous passages of dialogue have been quoted verbatim from official records." But he calls *Soldiers' Revolt* a novel rather than a chronicle or history, primarily because of the fictional character "known as Captain Count Fritz-Wilhelm von Brackwede, who corresponds in part, but not wholly, to the unique and historical figure of Lieutenant Count Fritz-Dietlof von der Schulenburg." The latter was in fact a close friend and co-conspirator of von Stauffenberg. Kirst's method here of fusing fact with fiction is questionable, especially since Captain von Brackwede, the novel's central character, does not always provide the strong focus and point of view Kirst intended him to have.

Yet Kirst, with his powerful narrative gift and the inherently dramatic theme, has still written an absorbing, often compelling book. He has simply tried to cover too much ground and too many personalities. As a result, several key incidents are treated superficially, and a few of the subplots are left tangled or unresolved. Even his partly idealized heroes von Stauffenberg and von Brackwede are rather vague and ineptly characterized when compared, say, to Generals Tanz, Kahlenberge, and von Seydlitz-Gabler in *The Night of the Generals*, a more powerful, far more ably written book than *Soldiers' Revolt* with its slack, at times cliché ridden prose.

Despite these criticisms, *Soldiers' Revolt* deserves to attract many readers. The events of July 20, 1944, about which there are scores of books in German, bear repeating, particularly on this side of the Atlantic. And Kirst, as usual, pulls no punches. He does not, for instance, portray his officer-insurgents as nascent liberals bent upon restoring the honor of Germany at the eleventh hour. As one subordinate shrewdly remarks to Captain von Brackwede: "That lunatic with the toothbrush mustache has let you down. You made the mistake of thinking that a loud-mouthed, bloodthirsty fanatic was a sort of German Messiah, and you can't forgive him for showing you up." No, these officers could not forgive Hitler, and they could not come to terms with him. They acted desperately out of a Teutonic sense of honor which may provoke our skepticism. Yet we cannot fail to admire the best of them, for their unflinching courage.

*"When we went to school, we had no need for hallucinations."*



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# Child's World Without Wonder

***The Opoponax,*** *by Monique Wittig, translated from the French by Helen Weaver (Simon & Schuster. 256 pp. $4.95), conveys a sensory, insensible child's-eye view of the world. Anna Balakian is a professor of French literature at New York University.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

IT WAS inevitable that the *nouveau roman* would breed heirs. Young Monique Wittig, who won the 1964 Prix Medicis for her first novel, *L'Opoponax,* undoubtedly read the new novelists at an impressionable age and fell in love with their way of writing, as previous generations found their inspiration in Flaubert and Proust. The disciple exaggerates what the master does, and as a result the world of "innocent" childhood that is presumably revealed here is fragmental in the extreme, precise but incoherent, brilliantly sensual and thoroughly insensitive. Mlle. Wittig has been acclaimed by Marguerite Duras, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and Nathalie Sarraute; more pertinent for the American public, Mary McCarthy has also hailed her.

Monique Wittig's tremendous power over words comes through unimpeded, thanks to Helen Weaver's magnificent feat as translator. The vivid canvas of colors, forms, and movements conveys an immediacy of sensation in which every attempt has been made to avoid perception. Everything happens in the present tense from the time the group of children first enter primary school until we find them lodged in a boarding school, amid pastoral surroundings and under parochial jurisdiction. Although their frame of reference has evolved from penmanship exercises and games to the orbits of geometry and the writings of Pascal and Baudelaire, their view of life remains basically unchanged.

The assumption which underlies the uninterrupted flow of words is that children see but do not judge, feel nothing save sensory states—physical pain and the fear of a supernatural force, here an "opoponax" that hovers in the dark and haunts their moments of solitude:

> You can't describe it because it never has the same form. Kingdom, neither animal nor vegetable nor mineral, in other words indeterminate. Humor, variable, it is not advisable to frequent the opoponax.

**Monique Wittig—"tremendous power over words."**

The "you" by which the French *on* is translated has a disconcerting tendency to involve the reader. You are asked to believe that when a child is spanked he feels the pain but not the humiliation, that youngsters can be exposed to a series of funerals of persons close to them, and yet not shed a tear, that they can view the sorrow of their elders and not connect at all, that they can constantly observe actions in the most minute and vivid manner without feeling the need to put some meaning into them, that to them nature is as impersonal as the fossilized fauna and flora scrutinized by a geologist.

I am willing, sadly, to accept *The Opoponax* as the world of a particular, arid conscience. But what is disturbing is the implication that this is the way youth sees the world. Is this indeed the testimony of a shell-shocked generation? Has childhood lost its universal and marvelous meaning, its power to animate nature, to discern more than the poet and more than the mystic what an earlier writer about childhood, Alain Fournier, called "the magic glow" of the world?

Basically, once the novelty of the *nouveau roman* wears off, we are faced with an enormous paradox. When the surrealists sought to express in the arts an increased acuity of the sensual experience, the intent was to enrich thereby the gamut of sensibilities, to strengthen the bonds between the physical world and the psyche. But taking this lead, the new novelists seem to arrive at the opposite pole; sensations are acting like a drug that numbs the artist instead of releasing a series of affective illuminations of his universe. The *nouveau roman* is hatching Calibans instead of Queen Mabs.

It must have been difficult for Monique Wittig to stay on the surface of consciousness; it is to be hoped that in the future which stretches before her so promisingly she will cease to distort her obvious talent for writing, and, by providing richer sustenance to her keen powers of observation, steer clear of the literary wastelands.

**Revelations in a Primitive World:** Just before World War II, Frederic Prokosch came into fashion as the creator of the "geographical" novel; *The Asiatics* and *The Seven Who Fled,* the first two in the genre, enjoyed great popularity. However, since then literary fashions have changed. Prokosch has not. Faithful to his own particular vision and his own distinctive style, he has produced a total of fourteen novels, as well as much distinguished poetry. The brilliantly precocious Prokosch of the Thirties has become in the Sixties a novelist who has not only preserved and perfected his gifts but added to them a depth of insight into the nature of man.

Like the early Prokosch novels, *The Wreck of the Cassandra* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95) is concerned with the natural world and man's relation to it. However, whereas in the initial books nature overwhelmed man, here it is man who dominates the reader's interest. The story, a strong one that can be read simply for itself and the beauties and horrors it contains, is of a group of people who survive a shipwreck and are sent to meet their destinies in the natural (or primitive) world. For Lily Domingo, an outrageous but likable American millionairess, this means destruction at the hands of an innocent—but not before she has achieved, without realizing it, the one thing she had really wanted. For Penelope Eccles, the fanatic butterfly hunter, who is interested only in perfection, it means a strange but logical martyrdom. For recriminatory Laura and Tony, it means an ordeal that should and may resolve the ordeal of their marriage. For Baron Hugo, it means the ultimate acceptance of evil, of a kind that made the Nazi holocaust possible. For the true hero of the tale, Professor Shishnik (does the name derive from Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin?), it means that the meek must inherit the earth.

Although Prokosch has been labeled a romantic, he is, in fact, a profound realist, intent on seeing the world for what it is and man for what he is. It is his subtle revelations of the various as-



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pects of man and nature that make this novel so exciting, but it is his awareness of mysteries, which he imparts to us, that makes it so moving.

—Victor Chapin.

**Wehrmacht Hardy with Heart:** When a first-person journal is offered to the reader as fiction, it is natural to wonder about the author's background. Normally, it isn't cricket to go beyond the book or book jacket. But this one merely says that Michael Mott's first novel was *The Notebooks of Susan Berry* and that he lives with wife and twin daughters in London. His second novel, *Helmet and Wasps* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95), is a far fictional reach from this sparse personal note. For the author's "I" is a young German officer living in a requisitioned villa when the American forces begin to move north of Rome in the Second World War. Inquiry discloses that the author is an Anglo-American too young to have seen the wartime he writes about. Thus, projecting himself inside the mind of a Wehrmacht hardy is a double burden and, as it turns out at the end of this short novel, an impossible one.

Yes, there have been novels written by nonparticipants who have come to major events, military and otherwise, long years later. But it takes something akin to genius to write a *Red Badge of Courage*. And even in those empathic historical novels about ancient warriors, it has been necessary to establish a link between author and a fictional character's thought processes.

Mr. Mott's German captain is an enigma. He lives in a twilight villa, surrounded by *opera buffa* Italians. The gardener scrapes and bows like Henry Armetta. The housekeeper is delighted that her dishes are so well received by the occupying Germans. Fellow-officers click their heels. Widows and housewives in the small town pay court to the corporals and privates. Several heavy German superiors all but have Heidelberg dueling scars.

A young Italian woman falls in love with the rigid captain. At the age of nineteen she herself is given to long and terribly wise silences. An incident occurs at the villa involving several hidden Jewish children. Previously the captain has turned in an old Jewish woman. This time he helps to save the children.

The novel turns around this small incident. Although the author has written *Helmet and Wasps* with a certain elegance, the reader cannot help feeling that the writing is a substitute for interior development. But then Mr. Mott gave himself an almost impossible fiction assignment to begin with.

—Herbert Mitgang.

# *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Anthropology*

Stranger and Friend: The Way of an Anthropologist. By Hortense Powdermaker. Norton. $6.50.

### *Crime, Suspense*

The By-Pass Control. By Mickey Spillane. Dutton. $3.95.

The Widowmaker. By M. Fagyas. Doubleday. $3.95.

### *Current Affairs*

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Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth. By Edward Jay Epstein. Viking. $5.

Marti on the U.S.A. By José Martí. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.95.

Neighbors Taken for Granted: Canada and the United States. Edited by Livingston T. Merchant. Praeger. $4.95.

The New Congress. By Stephen K. Bailey. St. Martin's. $3.95.

### *Fiction*

The Blue Pavilion. By William Buchan. Morrow. $4.75.

Bring My Sons from Far. By Ralph Lynn Lowenstein. World. $4.95.

Exit. By George Deaux. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Masters' Choice: The Best Science-Fiction Stories of All Time. Ed. by Laurence M. Janifer. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

The Olive Field. By Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press. $6.95. (Reissue.)

The Stranger in the Snow. By Lester Goran. New American Library. $4.95.

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*"I have news for you, soldier. You were left-handed."*



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TRUJILLO: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator. By Robert Crassweller. Macmillan. $8.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

**THE COVER:**

*Coryell's Ferry, 1776*, painted about 1914-1918, by Joseph Pickett. The Whitney Museum of American Art.

The Whitney Museum is moving this summer to new headquarters at 945 Madison Avenue, New York, and when it opens in September its collection will include the work of one of the rare genuine American folk painters of the twentieth century, Joseph Pickett. His purpose was to portray his native town, New Hope, Pennsylvania, near which Washington crossed the Delaware. In *Coryell's Ferry, 1776*, Pickett, a carpenter by trade, shows General Washington, looking through a telescope, on a hill in the right-hand corner of the painting. It is much warmer outdoors than on the Christmas night later in 1776 when Washington crossed the Delaware River (seen in Pickett's painting), surprised the British, and defeated them at Trenton and Princeton, New Jersey.

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Old Home Week in Mexico City

MEXICO CITY.

TO MOST of the audience that packed the Palacio de Bellas Artes for the first concert ever in Mexico City by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the embrace with which composer Carlos Chávez rewarded conductor Eugene Ormandy for the glowing performance of his *Sinfonia India* was a token of esteem, local style. But for some others it symbolized a return of courtesy long overdue.

It was in the long ago of the pre-Ormandy period of the Philadelphia Orchestra that Chávez produced for performance in Philadelphia a ballet called *H.P.* (for Horse Power). It was one of the early manifestations of the 1930s that brought to the attention of the American press and public that there was a musical culture south of the border worth noting.

Several years before, at the earliest of what became famous as the Copland-Sessions concerts, a work of Chávez had been heard in New York for the first time. Shortly after the première of *H.P.*, Copland came to Mexico at the invitation of Chávez, to see, to hear, and just to be. Out of this experience emerged the work called *El Salón México* (after a famous popular dance hall of the period) in which, in the words of Copland's biographer Julia Smith, he "hit on, or discovered, the simple, folk-like, easily understood musical language," which, in such later works as *Billy the Kid*, *Rodeo*, and *Appalachian Spring*, commanded more general attention for American music than anything produced previously.

As the title suggests, the *Sinfonia India* is a work with deep roots in the soil of Mexico's Indian culture. But it is far more than an archeological excavation of tunes and rhythms. It is a reworking of rich elements by means of contemporary techniques that one finds in the graphic art of Rivera, Orozco, O'Gorman and Siqueiros that abound on all sides here (assuming they are the sides to which one turns his attention).

But the rehearing of the work in Ormandy's vital performance suggested that the whole output of Chávez bit more deeply, spread more extensively than had hitherto been imagined. With or without regard for the direct connection with *El Salón México*, there are elements of propulsion, tonal spacing, and orchestral color in it that defined the direction in which Copland traveled, in his own way and on his own time. It was, of course, a way that literally opened avenues and breached barriers for other Americans who followed in his path.

For so much to emerge from a one-movement work and the frenzied demonstration that erupted at its conclusion—after the embraces, the graying Chávez mounted the podium to wave the applause of the cheering audience in the direction of the audience—was something of an unexpected dividend on the expenditure of effort that the Philadelphia players put forth. Despite the wearisome trip that had brought them in from their long journey around the perimeter of South America, they were immaculate in white coats when David Madison, the orchestra's longtime assistant concertmaster, took his accustomed place as prelude to the *entrada* (as one listener behind me described it) of concertmaster Anshel Brusilow, and then Ormandy himself. In the case of Elsa Hilger (the orchestra's second principal in the cello section) and the other half-dozen female members of the ensemble, the garb was appropriately summery dresses.

FOLLOWING the two anthems (theirs and ours), the orchestra settled quickly to musical business with a forthright performance of Mozart's Symphony in D (No. 35, *Haffner*)—lean, lithe, and clean through its intricate pattern of inner voices. Despite a humid evening after a warm day (the usual thirty-degree drop in temperature from daytime high to night-time low did not produce the usual magical transformation on this occasion), attention was total. The final unison flourish, delivered with the verve that seems to grow out of the ground at the Walnut Street home base in Philadelphia, brought expressions of incredulity and delight only partially conveyed in the applause it aroused.

Balancing the Chávez, in a nationalistic way, was William Schuman's *New England Triptych*, whose open, communicative style went down more than easily. But the greatest acclaim of the evening was reserved for the rousing conclusion of Shostakovich's Fifth.

If there was anything at all that might have enhanced the esteem the Philadelphians earned with their evening-long effort, it could have been a clinic in which the orchestra's first-desk men participated on behalf of the local performers. This would be asking much of touring musicians operating on a tight schedule, but the schedule could have been loosened considerably had the U.S.



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Government contributed more to underwriting the deficit.

Some amends to the large public that could not even think of paying the 100 pesos ($8) top tariff for the concerts in the Palacio de Bellas Artes were made with a Sunday morning program in the mammoth National Auditorium at nominal prices, but much more could have been done to build a bridge between the musicians themselves. Such a gesture would have done much to derive ultimate benefits from a venture that reflects far more credit to this country than many things more widely publicized.

The recent far-flung activities of the Metropolitan Opera, which found one group performing in a European capital (Paris) while another was active in this one, underscores the extent to which the parent body has expanded its scope (and, perhaps, its influence). All I know of Paris, in the Will Rogers phrase, is what I read in the papers. But an eyewitness attention to several performances hereabouts suggests that the National Company has been doing its job better than has what might be called the International one. In a community where opera has generally signified a performance with an imported star performer or two, combined with whatever the local market provides, the National Company's disciplined, carefully rehearsed productions have earned warm appreciation from the more discerning who consider opera more than a display of voices.

At the same time, it must be noted that some expectations have been disappointed, those being the ones that were aroused by the billing of the Stevens-Manuel company as "The Metropolitan Opera" (with National thrown away in smaller type if utilized at all). There are, of course, some economic advantages involved, for clear effort is being made by the local sponsors (if not the group they are sponsoring) to trade on the brand name of quality suggested by "Metropolitan Opera." If comparisons are odious, those based on a false premise are apt to be not merely offensive, but damaging. . . .especially among those with an ear for the quality of the sound as well as an eye for the name on which it trades.

Taken together, the twin appearances of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Metropolitan Opera National Company had more than a casual likeness to an old home week for those Americans who happened to be here at the time. But the likeness became a little more than welcomely literal with the awareness, in both cases, that two very fine artistic enterprises were being penalized, circumscribed, even demeaned, by the odd consideration that a very rich country cannot do *all* that is necessary to sustain such efforts on the highest levels.

—Irving Kolodin.

## THE THEATER

### Life's Steamtable

AT THE SAME time that one is becoming impatient with the current presentation of *The Kitchen* at the 81st Street Theatre, one is also recognizing in it the genuine heartache felt by almost everyone who has been even temporarily trapped in a depersonalized, dehumanized, daily job. One such sufferer is playwright Arnold Wesker, who spent four years working as a pastry cook in various large restaurants in England and France. And this, his earliest play, pours out the details of a horrendous experience.

Part of the horror is inherent in the specifics of large restaurant operation. The cooks crowd together at huge iron stoves as they frantically heat to completion hundreds of orders shouted at them by equally harassed waitresses. But it is not the job difficulty that bothers Wesker. Rather, it is the willingness of each miserable employee to accept the degradation of such an existence.

It is significant that Jack Gelber (whose own first play, *The Connection*, was also written in 1959) has picked *The Kitchen* for his directorial debut. For Mr. Gelber has often said that he finds most of our theater boring because it has so little relation to the realities with which he lives. It is only logical, then, that Gelber would choose a play that honestly expressed the sort of realities with which he is familiar, and would try to make the performances resist the temptation to become "theatrical." For "theatricality" can turn experience into a game and thereby allow the spectator to escape its reality.

One suspects that although this antitheater approach is probably not at all what Wesker envisioned, and makes the characters less colorful and provocative than they might be, it has the virtue of creating people who, onstage as in life, are either unable or unwilling to understand the situation in which they are caught. This appears to be true even of the boss, who is as much this infernal machine's victim as are his workers.

There is no exaggeration of the way in which these people slip into their daily routine, and the entire first act emerges as little more than a description of a typical half-day's work. Except for an occasional incisive comment and a few jokes, it is less entertainment than exposé, and whatever dramatic force it accumulates grows out of the gradual buildup of irritability, disorientation and noise, culminating in the phantasmagoric chaos of peak lunchtime service.

The second act is more dramatic. In a post-prandial hiatus some of the workers reveal their inner thoughts and the poverty of hope that infects each of them. Peter, the fish cook (Rip Torn), seems a compulsive disrupter whose frustrations are leading him to self-destruction. Monique, his girl friend (Sylvia Miles), who is a married waitress, emanates an indecisiveness that results in an abortion and in quarrels that she finds preferable to facing the difficulties of obtaining a divorce. Alfredo, the veal cook (Michael Enserro), is a portrait of resignation as he says, "I'm an old man. It's finished for me. I've worked in places where I could do good cooking . . . Now I work only for the money." Even more dispirited are the head chef (David Clarke), who does as little as possible and whose only concern is to avoid any trouble that might interfere with his coming retirement; and Max, the butcher (Conrad Bain), who keeps guzzling beer to stay anesthetized to all human values.

But probably the most interesting character is Paul, the pastry cook (Colgate Salisbury), who may speak for Wesker. After lying to a cook about there being no cake left, he is angry at himself for occasionally feeling an obligation to be loyal to his employer rather than to his co-worker. Later, in the play's best scene, he registers an eloquent complaint about the incapacity of one of his neighbors to rise above small-minded self-interest to recognize another human being's position.

HAPPILY, Paul doesn't become an omniscient revolutionist. In this play, Wesker is content to describe an unsatisfactorily designed world from the inside. And Peter's final act of going berserk is a blind and wasted rebellion. It changes nothing. It merely leaves the boss genuinely baffled and babbling, "I give work, I pay well. They eat what they want. I don't know what more to give a man. He works, he eats, I give him money. This is life, isn't it? . . . What more do they want? What is there more?"

Because Wesker doesn't attempt to answer this question, *The Kitchen* is less dynamic than several of his later and more successful plays. But it is also less intellectually filtered and, in Gelber's hands at least, puts less between us and the playwright's experience. It is a remarkable human document that should make us all more unwilling to suffer complaisantly our own "kitchens."

—Henry Hewes.



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## Not Transferable

TELEVISION'S wasteland of situation comedies, arid enough on the small screen, now seems to be extending its blight to the large screen as well. Characters popularized by week in, week out exposure via the networks pop up in full-length feature films. And stars and starlets spawned as television personalities rush into features to capitalize on their "exposure" while audiences can still remember who in the world they are.

The fact that most motion picture companies have television satellites (or have, in fact, *become* television satellites) no doubt has done much to accelerate this process, and television's penchant for shooting most shows on film has certainly facilitated the transitions between the media. What several of the current, TV-based movies make glaringly obvious, however, is the need for something more than merely additional footage to expand a successful television half-hour into an equally successful ninety-minute picture.

*Munster, Go Home!* might be marked Exhibit Number 1 in the case. Here the primary difficulty is script. Despite the fact that no less than three writers, George Tibbles, Joe Connelly, and Bob Mosher, are credited with the collaboration, they simply have not come up with enough material to sustain the greater length. A feature requires more than an accumulation of incidents and sight gags; there must also be a thickening of the texture, an added dimension to the characters that will engage and hold the viewers over the longer period (without those interruptions for trips to the refrigerator so thoughtfully provided by television's sponsors).

Instead of firmly establishing its Charles Addams-like characters, *Munster, Go Home!* proceeds on the premise that everybody knows them anyway and plunges immediately—like any weekly segment of the show—into setting up the plot: Herman (the Frankenstein one) has inherited an English title, and a lordly manor to go with it. Within the first reel, the Munsters are on their way, to the extreme annoyance of Hermione Gingold, Terry-Thomas, and Jeanne Arnold, who are enjoying squatters' rights in their ancestral home. From there on, the events are all too readily anticipated.

On the first night in their new abode, the Munsters are delighted by their relatives' efforts to scare them out of their wits—the sliding panels, chattering skeletons, and dangling corpses make them feel right at home. The Munsters, who regard themselves as a perfectly normal family, are constantly scaring others and being scared themselves, while their daughter, who *is* normal, falls in love with the son of a local squire, whose family has been feuding with the Munsters for generations. (Shades of *Beverly Hillbillies!*)

Most of the comic invention suffers from immediate recognizability. What is more distressing, the writers have firmly ignored the possibilities afforded them by the film's greater length and (presumably) more sophisticated audiences than TV offers, and have chosen merely to play around with the kind of gallows humor that has delighted Charles Addams fans for almost three decades. This is one film that literally cries for commercials.

The case of Walt Disney's *Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.* is slightly more complicated, particularly since its affable star, Dick Van Dyke, already demonstrated in *Mary Poppins* that he can be almost as ingratiating on the big screen as in his own, recently demised TV show. Perhaps the difference is that in *Mary Poppins* he was operating primarily as a song-and-dance man, working with prolonged musical numbers not too dissimilar to the sustained "acts" of his television program.

One of Van Dyke's greatest strengths on TV was his way of building out a situation with bits of byplay and interplay with the other members of his casts that had all the appearance of—and frequently were—sheer improvisation. With three cameras photographing each sequence simultaneously, there was no need for the minute, fragmentary "takes" of normal motion pictures; he could develop his comedy freely.

Unfortunately, nothing of this sort happens in *Robin Crusoe*. Confined to standard motion picture procedures, Van Dyke tends to hit every shot square on the nose and to deliver every line as if it were the snapper. There is no variety to his playing, no zest (or possibly too much zest) to his performance. Inevitably, some things work out nicely, such as a protracted bit of charades played with Nancy Kwan, his "Wednesday," on a desert isle swarming with Polynesian beauties; but this seems to be one of the few sustained scenes that permit the buoyant Van Dyke personality to bubble through. *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, however, *Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.* isn't.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

### LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Box numbers should read: 13, 15, 12, 6, 9, 1, 2, 5, 4, 7, 8, 14, 3, 10, 11.

*"Cut out drinking, smoking, and decision-making."*



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## *La Bonne Vie à* Honfleur

HONFLEUR.

JUST OUTSIDE Honfleur is La Ferme Saint Siméon, a country inn of elevated tastes and elevated prices, and if you come in April the flower beds will be in brilliant bloom along the edge of the graveled walks. The grass will be a deep green and the apple trees will be pink with the blush of the new season. The ivy runs up the walls of the old manor house and climbs around the flower boxes and the white trim of the windows, and if you get the room over the garage it will be papered in grey tones and look as elegantly rural as an inn in Connecticut that entertains travelers who drive Continentals.

St. Siméon was the old home of La Mère Toutain, who sheltered the painters down from Paris to enjoy the salubrity, the luminescence, and the joy of fraternity. The historians trace the coming of the arts back to Bonington, who crossed from England to paint the Norman beaches in watercolors. After him came Millet, and from Honfleur itself, Eugène Boudin, called by Corot for his technique the "King of the Skies."

In 1855 a new school began. Boudin was a founder, along with Claude Monet, whom he had discovered as a fifteen-year-old drawing caricatures in Le Havre. Jongkind came from Holland and they were joined by their Parisian friends, among them Cézanne, Renoir, and Pissarro, in what was to become the Impressionist School. It was a sharp turn from the Barbizon School, and the point of departure for modern art in France. From impressionism evolved pointillism, and Seurat and Signac, its two progenitors, came later to study the Norman scapes and the effect of light.

Only a faint atmosphere of those old times hangs now in the ancient house that was Mère Toutain's. Nearly a hundred years have passed since the Saint Siméon School, as it came to be known, was entrenched in the farm, bringing such illustrious visitors as the Barbizon landscapist, Charles Daubigny, and his son, Karl Pierre; James McNeill Whistler, discharged from West Point and newly arrived in France to paint and never to return; even Baudelaire, who came to see his mother and to write *Invitation to a Voyage*. Nowadays the visitors at the Ferme St. Siméon are pleasure travelers, Americans for a good part, and a few Frenchmen down from Paris, conveniently enough, to spend a night.

The Franco-Prussian War brought an end to the gaiety of the Saint-Siméon School as it was practiced at Mère Toutain's, but the memory has never dimmed. The good life prevails. The dining room is bright with saffron-yellow table cloths, flowers run the garden, and there is a view down to the broad estuary of the Seine. A parrot hangs over the bar and a pair of doves coo above the heads of the travelers, who come at five for a Suze or a St. Raphael. Hydrangeas are in a state of explosion in a shining copper pot, and the young *maître* is bustling about with menus and explaining the *matelote Honfleuraise*, which is a sort of stew of fish and a specialty of the maison.

Our party had eaten heavily at noon and we settled for mussels, which came in a great steaming pile and gave off wispy fragrances of garlic. They went well with a bottle of Sancerre, and after the parade of Norman cheeses had passed in review, we sat down under the parrot and had a Calvados and thought of Erich Remarque and the romantic interludes it had fostered in *Arch of Triumph*. It was warming against the chill air that rolled off the river, and just the right insulation for a walk around the crunching gravel path to the heights above the estuary with the lights of Le Havre twinkling there across the water.

Honfleur is a good 500 years older than Le Havre, and it has settled now into a picturesque memory of other times. It was a settlement in the eleventh century. It sent Jean Denis into the mouth of the St. Lawrence in 1506 and he led the way for Jacques Cartier, who gets history's credit for discovering Canada. Paulmier de Gautier sailed the *Espoir* clear to Brazil in 1503, and a hundred years later Samuel de Champlain sailed out of Honfleur harbor to establish Quebec, a Norman colony. The Normans had explored the Levant and Sicily, had long before conquered England, had sailed into the Canary Islands, founded a colony in Guinea, been in Martinique, in Guadeloupe, in Florida and Louisiana. Traders from Honfleur had factories working in Java and Sumatra and were fishing successfully in Newfoundland. Syndicates were formed to send ships far across the seas and Honfleur grew rich and embellished itself with important buildings, many of which have been preserved through the ages.

The old houses, two windows wide and four stories high, crowd the Vieux

*"Thirty years ago he dashed up to me on his beautiful Arabian charger, seized me in his arms and cried, 'Follow me, Zuleika, to the ends of the earth!' He hasn't budged yet!"*



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Bassin, the old port where so many adventures began. Here, under the sloping slate roofs broken here and there by a gabled window or a row of chimney pots, the ships took on provisions for the excursions to Canada, Africa, and the West Indies, destinations hardly less foreign in their time than the far borders of space today. There are no great ships waiting to depart on historic voyages roped to the wharves at Honfleur today. But the fishing boats with their drooping nets, the fishermen in their sky-blue caps and work clothes to match, add just enough color to make the town the absolute pluperfect of picturesque.

The entrance to the port is still commanded by La Lieutenance, the home in the 1500s for the King's Lieutenant, governor of the port. A plaque on its façade recalls the departure of Samuel de Champlain. But the most delightful structure in all Honfleur must be Ste. Catherine's, a wooden church built in a fit of exuberance to thank God for the departure of the English at the end of the Hundred Year's War. Reconstruction was going on everywhere and stonemasons were hard to find, so the shipbuilders, who could wait no longer, decided to construct the church themselves. It has half-timbered walls and a double roof that looks exactly like the inverted hulls of a pair of boats placed side by side. Although it has proved strong enough to withstand the ages, its builders worried about the weight of the bells. The bell tower and steeple were built, therefore, in a separate building, half-timbered on the lower floor, shingled on the roof and steeple, the tower supported with spars normally used in the fifteenth century (the belfry was started in 1494) to hold a boat while it was being built.

Tour buses line up in rows on the square in front of Ste. Catherine's and the Belfry—over from Le Havre, down from Paris, en route across Normandy. Most of the overnight customers put up at the Hostellerie Lechat, the principal pad for guests who want to be in town. It is suitably quaint, with ivy crawling up its walls, and old wooden chairs, and flowers on the tables inside.

From the church square the Rue Brulée becomes the Rue de la Bavole, named for the defense tower at the entrance to town. Here the shipowners had their offices, although it was fashionable for them to live along the Rue Haute in the old quarter. Alphonse Allais, the humorist, was born on the Place Hamelin in a house now occupied by the Café des Glaces.

The people of Honfleur are considerably more prideful of their local artists than they are of the infinitely more famous explorers who were either spawned by the township or at least dispatched to far places from its port. One hardly hears of Champlain or Cartier, and my local guide was visibly distressed with my American provincialism when I had to admit I had not heard tell of Eric Satie, a modern composer born here 100 years ago. Nor did I know of Lucie Delarue-Mardrus.

It is fervently remembered here that Baudelaire once said, "Honfleur has always been the dearest of my dreams," and that Albert Sorel, the French historian, is a hometown boy. The Honfleurais are eager to take visitors on the short back-country ride to Barneville-le Bertrau, a crossroads of enormous charm. The old church, with its twelfth-century tower, looks down on the fading head-

stones, and wild yellow flowers grow in the cracks of the steps that lead inside to the pews. The pebbled pathway winds around the graveyard to the estate of the Marquis de Laubespin, where cherry trees grow and a tiny island in the middle of a tiny pond droops with weeping willows. It is here that it is earnestly supposed that Alfred de Musset, a frequent visitor, first thought of "On Ne Badine Pas Avec L'Amour," published in 1834, the same year he quarreled with George Sand and left her in Venice, returning to Paris alone.

The heritage of art and letters is not altogether dead in Honfleur. There is still one gallery, and it frequently exhibits Jacques Bouyssou, a local painter who had a one-man show in a Madison Avenue gallery in New York last year. Tapestries designed by Simon Chaye in Honfleur are made at Aubusson and sold here in a shop with an incongruously modern glass front looking out on the Old Harbor.

Exhibitions of paintings are held now in the biggest halls in Honfleur, the Grenier à Sel, an old stone warehouse with thick walls and the familiar wooden ceiling shaped like a ship's hull turned upside down. For a time these salt storehouses were used for a nightclub, but the nightlife is not much in old Honfleur. The Grenier proved more adaptable as an exhibition hall because it is cool inside during the summer when the paintings are hung, and because there are acres of wall space. The Musée Eugène Boudin, open from Easter to mid-October, concentrates on the Honfleur and Estuary artists. Boudin, as one might expect, gets his own private room, but the artists on view also include Dufy, who was born at Le Havre, Daubigny and Jongkind, who came to Saint Simeon; and Signac and Segonzac, and the contemporary Bouyssou.

The city is proudest of a small museum of old Honfleur which has been created in a crumbling house brought from the country and placed alongside Saint-Etienne Church. It is stuffed with old costumes; old furniture, including fine carved Norman chests; old tiles made at Pré d'Auge in the sixteenth century; four-poster beds with draw-curtains on all sides; and portraits of local fishermen wearing earrings which they claimed awarded them better eyesight. There is little to recall the contributions that Honfleur made to explorations here either, but there is much that shows its maritime inclinations: the logs of ships that went to the West Indies; a painting of *La Doris*, a two-masted brig that dealt in slaves and was shipwrecked in 1804; and some swatches of cloth used for trading in Africa. Dispatched from Honfleur, the ships sailed down the Guinea coast, traded goods for slaves, and sold their human cargoes in America or the West Indies.

The Norman sailors, after all, knew the territory well. It was men of Dieppe who sailed down to Africa in 1364, founding a settlement called Petit Dieppe. In 1635, Martinique in the West Indies was taken by Norman sailors in the name of the King of France. And never mind Henry Hudson. It was the part-French, part-Florentine Verrazano, chief pilot for Francis I, who, sailing from Dieppe, took a look at Nouvelle France and surveyed the site that was to become New York. He called it the *Land of Angoulême*. It never caught on.

—Horace Sutton.

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# Causes of Peace

*Continued from page 14*

kill the opponents with concealed weapons. The rules of war have changed from era to era, but there have always been rules which have been, on the whole, observed. Is it not astonishing that the most murderous of Man's activities should be conducted by rules without which modern war would be impossible?

But if the need for war is so deep-seated, why is anyone against it? This is a long-neglected question. I know of only one place where this question is given even brief discussion: It is in the famous interchange of letters between Einstein and Freud in 1932. Freud there took the view that probably pacifists were pacifists because they could not be otherwise—that cultural *and* biological evolution had produced a type of man who was almost a different species from the warmonger. If this is true, it is obviously of major importance to discover what procedures hasten such cultural change; biological change is still a complete mystery.

A Chemical-Atomic-Biological World War might conceivably promote sufficient communality between the warmongers and the peace breed. As I have remarked above, such a war is most likely. Mankind seems to learn only by experience. In the 1920s, many leaders of thought pleaded for world peace on the ground that another World War would be at least ten times as destructive as the first. They were right—5,000,000 people died in the first, 50,000,000 in the second—but mankind had to see it to believe it. On the same ratio, the CAB war which I have predicted will destroy 500 million people, but that will leave plenty of survivors (many somewhat the worse for fallout) to get together on a communal basis.

In the meantime, those who seek to avoid such a catastrophe would do well to study the peaceful ways and means of promoting communality. What brought it about for the British and the Scotsmen; what led the Americans to change Confederation into Constitution? Certainly, it was *not* to prevent civil war. What was it? Can we do it today with still larger groups?

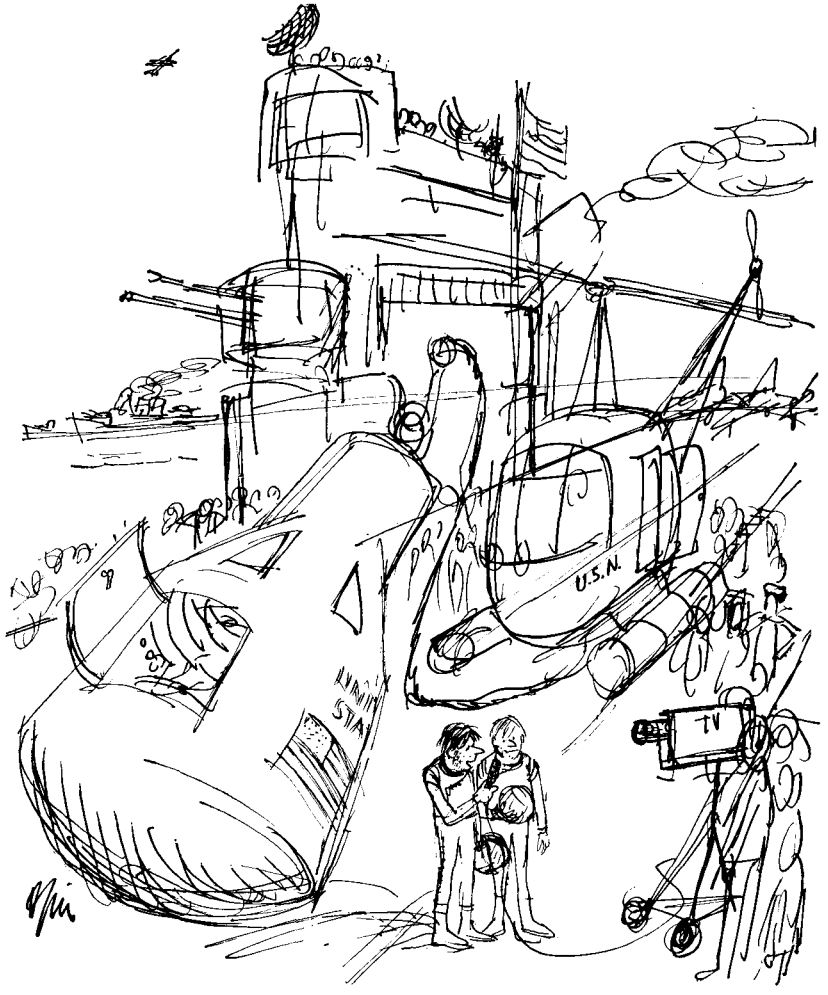
These are the questions which men such as Elton MacNeil, Erik Erikson, Bayard Rustin, Stanley Milgrim and others are researching in one form or another. They are using both intellectual analysis and *controlled experiment*. In short, they are using the scientific methods which have cut down Man's bondage to spiritual superstitions in an effort to try to free him from outmoded political superstitions. If the money were available, this research could be tremendously expanded.

Work that has been done indicates that one thing needed is a more affirmative morality than is current anywhere today. Most of the popular religions and moralities are, unfortunately, weighted on the negative side; they prescribe a method of life that tells the individual to obey injunctions *not to do* certain things. Even so great a code as the Ten Commandments has only two affirmative injunctions. Jesus Christ tried to break this trend; He declared that a greater commandment was to love one's neighbor, which presumably means doing something for and with him. Doing something "with him" is enough, it seems. There is strong evidence that cooperation by hostile groups in a necessary task which neither group can alone accomplish serves to eliminate hostility and bring about communality.

The difference between an affirmative and a negative philosophy points up the difference between a movement to stop war and one to create the conditions of peace. There is an obvious inconsistency in trying to stop war while retaining the sovereign right to fight whenever one fancies it. There is *no* inconsistency in trying to promote communality while carrying the biggest stick in history—gestures of friendship and cooperation from the strong and powerful are the most effective.

However, gestures of friendship—and even *acts* of friendship—will seldom bring about communality or any other causes of peace unless they are coupled with the recognition that the aspirations of the human spirit are unlimited and constantly seek *change*. I do not mean that change is always desirable. But that there has been a steady tide of change—on balance, for the better—is undeniable.

Sir Herbert Read has described it in terms of the monuments of sculpture—these monuments mark out the path of Man's spiritual odyssey that begins in paleolithic caves, broadens out to become the measured highway of culture, and now points to the future with icons that have not yet precipitated ideas. When those ideas emerge, they may produce institutions as inconceivable to us as the Catholic Church would have been to Julius Caesar or the Soviet Union to Napoleon Bonaparte. They may be—they can be—the institutions of a world communality, which brings world peace in its wake.

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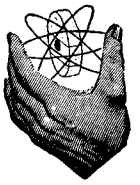
# SR / Research

## SCIENCE & HUMANITY



**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

**RESEARCH IN AMERICA**

# *EXPERIMENTS ON PEOPLE—THE GROWING DEBATE*

"DO WE NEED new rules for experiments on people?"

The question was asked by indirection in *SR*'s issue of October 6, 1962—just after the late United States Senator Estes Kefauver's amendments to the U.S. Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act had been approved by the Congress—and was asked again explicitly in *SR*'s issue of February 5 last. The occasion for the repetition was the confusing phraseology of a disciplinary order against two New York City physicians found guilty of "fraud and deceit" in connection with the injection of live cancer cells into twenty-two helpless old patients in the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn. The order had been voted by the New York State Board of Regents, which first suspended the licenses of the two accused doctors for a year and then held the suspensions in abeyance on condition of good behavior.

The fact that one of the two accused—Dr. Chester Milton Southam—not only occupied a position of great prestige as an individual medical researcher but belonged to the staff of a famous American medical institution, the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, shook the complacency that had obscured experimental ethics. Conservative clinicians here and there in the country began to wonder about their own professional responsibility for the deteriorating state of affairs. In Cleveland, Ohio, the Academy of Medicine and the Cuyahoga County Medical Society polled their respective memberships to determine a collective attitude.

Since the Brooklyn cancer experiment had been exposed by three young physicians who opposed it and carried their opposition to Mr. William A. Hyman, a lawyer on the board of directors of the hospital involved, one of the questions included in the Cleveland poll was: Are hospital directors and trustees in tune with the ethics of practicing physicians? It was discovered that experimentalists have much more ready access to hospital trustees than clinical physicians do. As one doctor explained it privately to *SR*'s science editor:

"The usual member of a hospital board is a lay individual who has very little knowledge of medical matters. The responsibility for administration of the hospital is delegated to the hospital administrator, who is the influential force in the hospital. One or two members of the hospital board may be well informed, but they are exceptional and are usually dominated by the hospital administrator. The hospital administrator has a personal interest in publicizing the efforts of the various departments; men engaged in research are productive from his standpoint, so these are the individuals on the medical hospital staff who have close communication with him and to whom he turns for advice. The medical staff member whose primary interest is patient care has very little influence in the direction of hospital policy and no channel of communication to the board of trustees."

AFTER the problem had been deliberated for four months, a memorandum (reproduced on page 42) was sent out to chiefs of staff and presidents of hospital boards of trustees in Cuyahoga County. A "statement of position" reviewed and approved by the medical practice and services committee, the ethics committee, and the board of directors of the Academy of Medicine, said in part:

> There was unanimity of opinion that physicians in the private practice of medicine should play an independent role in advising on projects involving human experimentation.
>
> The practicing physician must be given a vital role in setting policy regarding experiments to be carried out in a given institution involving human beings. He must be able to speak for the patient, the community, and the practicing physician.
>
> The presence of physicians at staff discussions at which research projects are presented cannot be considered as indicating consent to the experiment nor can the inclusion of practicing physicians in a minor and subsidiary post in the investigations be considered as implying consent to the projects.
>
> Our purpose is not to present an obstacle to the pursuit of scientific truth. We do not intend an intrusion into research and experimentation. We wish to emphasize, however, our very basic concern that the patient has human rights which must not be compromised.

Ten days before the Cleveland memo was issued, the newly appointed Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service, Dr. William H. Stewart, addressed the American Federation for Clinical Research in annual session at Atlantic City. "One of the pivotal clinical research problems of the day," he said, arose from "the judgments related to the use of human beings as research subjects." He continued:

> There is a tendency to wave aside the legal aspects of the problem on the grounds that the law is vague and uncertain at best. This is not strictly true. Existing law is firm and clear on one principle: The decision to become a subject for research must be made by the subject. This concept is rooted in the basic principle that an individual has the right to control any use of his person.
>
> We may like it or not, but the individual subject and only he, with all his



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personal whims and superstitions and foibles, can make the important choice. Being as fully informed as possible, he can make the choice for any reason, or for no reason at all. . . .

No one denies that the legal principles need refinement, and that there are certain areas of darkness. For example, issues related to research with children and with the mentally incompetent are generally unresolved. But if we accept the fundamental premise and guide ourselves accordingly, we shall be working within the accepted legal and philosophical principles of our time and place.

And if we do not? In my judgment we . . . ultimately threaten the future of research support in this country.

The assembled researchers had heard hat kind of talk often before. But what ame next jolted them. Always in the ast the U.S. Public Health Service had evaded responsibility for abuse of patients' privacy by passing the buck to the individual experimenter. Dr. Stewart, however, enunciated a new policy:

> Reduced to its simplest terms, this policy seeks to avoid the danger of direct federal intervention, case by case, on the one hand, and the dangers inherent in decision by an individual scientist on the other. We are assuming, essentially, that the medical school, hospital, or other medical research institution—by accepting the administration of public funds—accepts also a share of the public responsibility for their use. We are asking that the institution assure us that research proposals related to the use of human subjects are being systematically subjected to independent review, and we are urging that qualified individuals from outside the scientific area be involved in this review.

Although he considered it "quite possible that some important research will be delayed or perhaps lost" because of the new policy, Dr. Stewart asserted his "conviction as a public official that the problem must be faced." He proposed "a continuing dialogue" to evolve "better solutions."

LAST month the invited debate opened with what had been intended as a whisper but came out as a shout. *The New England Journal of Medicine* published a paper signed by the occupant of the oldest endowed chair of anaesthesia on earth: Dr. Henry Knowles Beecher, of Harvard, who for thirty years has directed that university's anaesthesia laboratory at Massachusetts General Hospital.

During the last decade and a half, he has campaigned quietly for a sharp upgrading of ethical considerations in experimental medicine. A small book he wrote on the subject is now read as a classic. His attitude boils down to a "firm application of the golden rule." His primary precept: An experimenter "has no right to choose martyrs for science." As a simple safeguard against abuse of any patient, he advocates "the practice of having at least two physicians involved in experimental situations: first . . . the physician concerned with the care of the patient" and therefore primarily interested in the patient's welfare; "second, the physician-scientist whose interest is the sound conduct of the investigation [that is, the experiment]." A man of astringent speech and manner, he sometimes strikes less scrupulous colleagues as an "avenging angel," and he seemed cast in that role in March 1965 when he rose to speak at a symposium in Michigan on "Problems and Complexities of Clinical Research."

The most troubling problem he could see on the medical horizon was the problem of patient consent. He said so with customary precision. He also said why. The "why" consisted of specific cases in which the rights of patients had been abused. This list of particulars was so long and so utterly damning that two other prominent medical men—Dr. David Rutstein of Harvard and Dr. Thomas Chalmers of Tufts—openly accused Dr. Beecher of exaggeration.

An acrimonious debate on such a sore subject obviously held no advantage for the sponsor of the symposium: the Upjohn drug company. So discussion of Dr. Beecher's indictment was cut off abruptly. He had no opportunity to answer his accusers. Although Harvard's confidence in his integrity was re-stated by implication several weeks later through his appointment as chairman of the committee on human studies at Harvard Medical School, he naturally sought full vindication. To that end, he turned over documentation of fifty different cases to

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May 10, 1966

TO: CHIEFS OF STAFF AND
PRESIDENTS OF HOSPITAL BOARDS OF TRUSTEES IN CUYAHOGA COUNTY

The questionnaire addressed to you from the Medical Practice and Services Committee has produced an excellent response. It is obvious that all of you are vitally concerned with safeguarding the welfare of patients and are keenly interested in seeing that patients' welfare is given the most stringent safeguard.

There was unanimity of opinion that physicians in the private practice of medicine should play an independent role in advising on projects involving human experimentation.

The practicing physician must be given a vital role in setting policy regarding experiments to be carried out in a given institution involving human beings. He must be able to speak for the patient, the community and the practicing physician.

The presence of physicians at staff discussions at which research projects are presented cannot be considered as indicating consent to the experiment nor can the inclusion of practicing physicians in a minor and subsidiary post in the investigations be considered as implying consent to the projects.

The questionnaires submitted to us varied somewhat in the form and structure adopted to review research projects. Two hospitals submitted excellent methods of review. These will be made available to you if you so desire. Our purpose is not to present an obstacle to the pursuit of scientific truth. We do not intend an intrusion into research and experimentation. We wish to emphasize, however, our very basic concern that the patient has human rights which must not be compromised.

This statement of position has been reviewed and approved by the Medical Practice and Services Committee, the Ethics Committee, and the Board of Directors of the Academy of Medicine.

Sincerely yours,
William F. Boukalik, M.D.
William F. Boukalik, M.D.
President

Leo Walzer, M.D.
Leo Walzer, M.D., Chairman
Ethics Committee

John J. Grady, M.D.
John J. Grady, M.D., Chairman
Medical Practice & Services Committee



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Dr. Joseph Garland, editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. Since the *Journal* couldn't allot enough space to cover them all, it was agreed that the fifty examples would be reduced to twenty-two: still a shocking total. Names of involved physicians and their research institutions and the medical journals in which their experiments were reported were omitted. But there was no honest way to eliminate mention of the twenty-five young soldiers who acquired rheumatic fever because of an experiment they didn't know they were part of, or the twenty-three unwitting experimental subjects who died unnecessarily of typhoid fever, or the children whose thymus glands were removed by doctors who couldn't possibly have known the consequences of the surgery, or the deliberate and dangerous manipulation of brains and hearts and livers to satisfy other experimenters' curiosity, or the mother who died of metastasis of a cancer implanted in her body from the body of her dying daughter.

The Massachusetts Medical Society, publisher of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, was no more eager for controversy over ethics than the Upjohn company had been. Reproduction of the Beecher text by lay publications was therefore restricted to half or less of what the *Journal* itself printed (see pages 45 and 46 of this issue of *SR*). Muted as the Beecher message thus was, it nonetheless commanded a full third of the front page of the *Boston Herald* on the morning of the *Journal's* publication. Although *The New York Times* dutifully played the story down on an inside page, its account made a full column of type.

No one involved in this aspect of the ethical debate—Dr. Beecher included—paid enough attention to the fact that the Beecher report concerned only those experiments which had no hope or intention of helping the individual patients who were being experimented on. Invasions of privacy committed by doctors as part of the patients' own treatment were passed over entirely. The one great miscarriage of justice in the Kefauver drug law amendments so escaped the notoriety it deserves. The law still permits a physician (any physician) to undertake any experiment he chooses, without even telling the patient what is going on, as long as it is the physician's own personal opinion that the experiment is in the best interest of the patient; no consultations are required; no record-keeping is necessary; the individual physician is dictator.

Fortunately, the public debate that Dr. Stewart invited (his text begins on this page) cannot be circumscribed without the consent of the patients. So let the argument begin.

—JOHN LEAR,
*Science Editor.*

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# AN INVITATION TO OPEN DIALOGUE

## *Surgeon General Stewart Makes It Official*

By WILLIAM H. STEWART, M.D.

WE ARE entering upon a period of transition in the relationship between government as an administrator of public funds for health purposes on the one hand and nongovernmental biomedical science as a generator of health knowledge on the other [*SR*, Oct. 5, 1963, Nov. 6, 1965]. Funds appropriated for medical research are still going up, but not at the geometric progressions of a few years ago. And the public and the Congress are beginning to ask searching questions about the results of research and even about the research process itself.

During the bonanza days of federal research support, fears of federal interference accompanying federal dollars were kept in the background. Now, however, there is a growing chorus of unhappiness about things as they are and uneasiness about the future.

This period of transition is of the highest importance to the Public Health Service and to the institutions and scientists of the nation. More basic still, it is critically important to the future health of the American people. It is imperative that we manage the transition successfully. To this end we must engage in a continuing dialogue about federal support and federal control.

Let me put the question directly. Does federal support inevitably imply federal control?

My answer, with no apology, is a qualified "Yes."

There are many derivative questions which establish the qualifications: Control of what? How much control? Control exercised by whom, in what form? But to the basic question there can be no equivocation. Federal support does in fact imply some measure of federal control over the uses of that support.

How could it be otherwise? Federal money is public money. The Public Health Service is entrusted with the administration of more than two billion public dollars this year. We are the agents of the President, the Congress, and the people they represent. We are, therefore, accountable to them.

RESPONSIBLE stewardship requires controls—in terms of priority of need, public interest, standards of quality. No one would, or should, tolerate a governmental agency which simply handed out money with no questions asked.

Responsibility for stewardship is exercised by the Public Health Service in a variety of ways. Research grant applications are reviewed by a non-federal jury of scientific peers. Hospital construction grants are reviewed by a state agency for compliance with the state's own planning and priorities. We are now developing sets of standards to be applied by state agencies in determining the eligibility of a medical facility to receive Medicare payments; for this purpose we are, incidentally, adopting standards already accepted by the professions concerned where such standards exist. In addition, there are certain overall qualifications for federal support on which assurances are required. One of these is the assurance that our funds, that is, the public's funds, are used for the purposes for which they are authorized and granted. Another long overdue assurance is that federal funds are used without discrimination as to race, color, or national origin.

These are the broad parameters of control. It is difficult to quarrel with them in principle.

You will note that the Public Health Service almost never acts as both judge and jury in determining disbursement of funds. We are deeply committed to shared responsibility – with non-federal scientists, with state agencies, with private organizations—in assessing priorities and proprieties. Here again, I think, the principle is unassailable.

When things get quarrelsome is when the principles are applied to particular cases. For just as a governmental agency which asked no questions would be un-

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Dr. William H. Stewart is Surgeon General, Public Health Service, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. His remarks above are excerpted from an April 30 talk to the American Federation for Clinical Research at Atlantic City.



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thinkable, a governmental agency that asked too many questions, or the wrong questions, would be self-defeating.

Thus, what we must constantly seek is a delicate balance between the blank check at one extreme and the purse with too many attached strings at the other. Actually we are seeking a series of balances because the factors of the equation keep changing.

A CLASSIC illustration of the complexities involved in striking this kind of balance is provided by one of the pivotal clinical research problems of the day—the judgments related to the use of human beings as research subjects. This has been a matter of deep concern to all thoughtful researchers for many years. It has flared into public prominence recently [*SR*, Feb. 5] and has been the subject of soul-searching on the part of the Public Health Service and our advisors.

As physicians and scientists, we are accustomed to working in an atmosphere in which the fundamental judgments are fully within our province and in which we are the absolute and final arbiters. We have centuries of professional ethical codes behind us. Although the decisions are often agonizing, they are ours to make, and we make them courageously.

The momentum of medical science, however, has carried us into a quite different arena. Clinical research, by its nature, is at the very center of this problem. Now we are dealing, not with the calculated risks of therapeutic treatment, but with experimentation incidental to the treatment of the individual patient.

Here, though it may be hard for us to admit it, the issues transcend the expertise of any single individual representing any single professional discipline. Legal considerations are involved, as well as moral and ethical considerations broader than any professional code. Specifically, when the research proposal implies conflict with the public ethic, the responsibility for the decision is too great for the scientist alone.

There is a tendency to wave aside the legal aspects of the problem on the grounds that the law is vague and uncertain at best. This is not strictly true. Existing law is firm and clear on one principle: The decision to become a subject for research must be made by the subject. This concept is rooted in the basic principle that an individual has the right to control any use of his person.

WE may like it or not, but the individual subject and only he, with all his personal whims and superstitions and foibles, can make the important choice. Being as fully informed as possible, he can make the choice for any reason, or for no reason at all.

The principle involved is the same one that condemns slavery and underlay the judgments at Nuremberg.

No one denies that the legal principles need refinement, and that there are certain areas of darkness. For example, issues related to research with children and with the mentally incompetent are generally unresolved. But if we accept the fundamental premise and guide ourselves accordingly, we shall be working within the accepted legal and philosophical principles of our time and place.

And if we do not? In my judgment we would then invite mounting difficulties that would ultimately threaten the future of research support in this country.

*"'Don't worry!' you said. . . . 'He won't bother us,' you said. . . . 'He's a vegetarian,' you said. . . ."*

It is possible, perhaps, to write off the threat of malpractice actions as a calculated financial risk in a large and important industry. But we cannot write off public reaction. No non-medical person would be happy to know that he is being referred to as "clinical material." No son thinks that way about his father. No Congressman thinks that way about his constituent.

The American people accept health as an important value. They accept research as an important means of achieving and maintaining health. But values of human dignity and individual conscience are held higher still. We overlook them at our gravest peril.

Proceeding from this principle, we in the Public Health Service, acting on the advice of the National Advisory Health Council, have sought to develop a mechanism for shared responsibility in the administration of problems in this area. Reduced to its simplest terms, this policy seeks to avoid the danger of direct federal intervention, case by case, on the one hand, and the dangers inherent in decision by an individual scientist on the other. We are assuming, essentially, that the institution—by accepting the administration of public funds—accepts also a share of the public responsibility for their use. We are asking that the institution assure us that research proposals related to the use of human subjects are being systematically subjected to independent review, and we are urging that qualified individuals from outside the scientific area be involved in this review.

The questions that must be asked in each case are hard, complicated, and delicate. What is the nature of informed consent? What is the potential value of the research? What degree of risk, if any, is justifiable in research which is irrelevant to the treatment of the patient? Some of these questions can best be answered by researchers. Some can best be answered by those with knowledge of the public ethic.

I am aware of the practical problems raised by this action. Being a governmental official of some experience, I am not ignorant of the ways of decision-by-committee. Being also a physician, I am conscious of the unpredictable nature of the patient's mind. In short, I didn't delude myself that this procedure will solve everything. It is quite possible that some important research will be delayed or perhaps lost. But it is my conviction as a public official that the problem must be faced, not only for the sake of the public but for the future of research itself.

As I have said before, I invite a continuing dialogue. In fact, I am convinced that only such a vigorous conversation among government, science, and responsible members of the public can bring about the evolution of better solutions.



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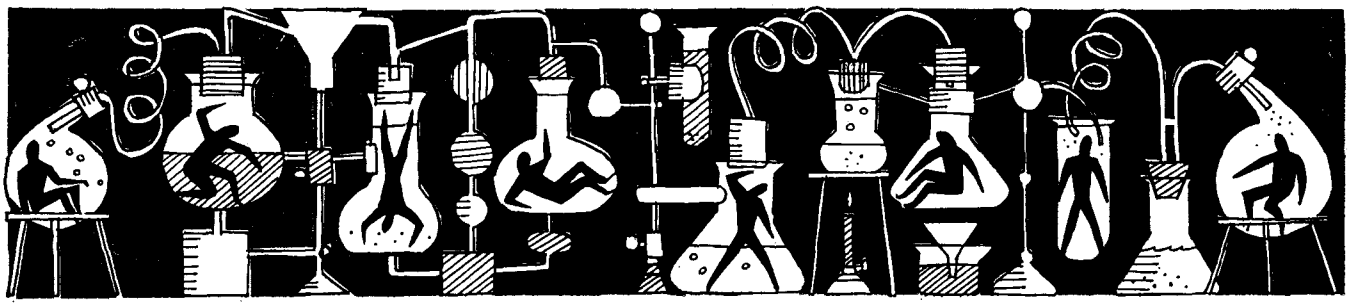

EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS—THE GROWING DEBATE

# DOCUMENTING THE ABUSES

## *An Eminent Harvard Experimenter Offers a List of Particulars*

By HENRY K. BEECHER, M.D.

HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION since World War II has created some difficult problems with the increasing employment of patients as experimental subjects. . . . It must be apparent that they would not have been available if they had been truly aware of the uses that would be made of them. Evidence is at hand that many of the patients in the examples to follow never had the risk satisfactorily explained to them, and it seems obvious that further hundreds have not known that they were the subjects of an experiment although grave consequences have been suffered as a direct result of experiments described here.

There is a belief prevalent in some sophisticated circles that attention to these matters would "block progress." But, according to Pope Pius XII [in an address to the First International Congress on Histopathology of the Nervous System at Rome, Italy, on September 14, 1952], ". . . science is not the highest value to which all other orders of values . . . should be subordinated."

I am aware that these are troubling charges. They have grown out of troubling practices. They can be documented, as I propose to do, by examples from leading medical schools, university hospitals, private hospitals, governmental military departments (the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force), governmental institutes (the National Institutes of Health), Veterans Administration Hospitals, and industry. The basis for the charges is broad.

(At the Brook Lodge Conference [at Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1965] on "Problems and Complexities of Clinical Research," I commented that "what seem to be breaches of ethical conduct in experimentation are by no means rare, but are almost, one fears, universal." I thought it was obvious that I was, by "universal," referring to the fact that examples could easily be found in *all* categories where research in man takes place to any significant extent. Judging by press comments that was not obvious; hence this note.)

I should like to affirm that American medicine is sound, and most progress in it soundly attained. There is, however, reason for concern in certain areas, and I believe the type of activities to be mentioned will do great harm to medicine unless soon corrected. It will certainly be charged that any mention of these matters does a disservice to medicine; but not one so great, I believe, as a continuation of the practices to be cited.

Experimentation in man takes place in several areas: in self-experimentation, in patient volunteers and normal subjects, in therapy, and in the different areas of *experimentation on a patient not for his benefit but for that, at least in theory, of patients in general.* The present study is limited to this last category.

Ethical errors are increasing not only in numbers but in variety—for example, in the recently added problems arising in transplantation of organs.

There are a number of reasons why serious attention to the general problem is urgent. Of transcendent importance is the enormous and continuing increase in available funds, as approximated below:

| | Massachusetts General Hospital | National Institutes of Health |
|---|---|---|
| 1945 | $ 500,000 | $ 701,800 |
| 1955 | 2,222,816 | 36,063,200 |
| 1965 | 8,384,342 | 436,600,000 |

SINCE World War II the annual expenditure for research (in large part in man) in the Massachusetts General Hospital has increased a remarkable seventeen-fold. At the National Institutes of Health, the increase has been a gigantic 624-fold. This "national" rate of increase is over thirty-six times that of the Massachusetts General Hospital. These data, rough as they are, illustrate vast opportunities and concomitantly expanded responsibilities.

TAKING into account the sound and increasing emphasis of recent years that experimentation in man must precede general application of new procedures in therapy, plus the great sums of money available, there is reason to fear that these requirements and these resources may be greater than the supply of responsible investigators. All of this heightens the problems under discussion.

Medical schools and university hospitals are increasingly dominated by investigators. Every young man knows that he will never be promoted to a tenure post, to a professorship in a major medical school, unless he has proved himself as an investigator. If the ready availability of money for conducting research is added to this fact, one can see how great the pressures are on ambitious young physicians. Implementation of the recommendations of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke means that further astronomical sums of money will become available for research in man.

In addition to the foregoing three practical points, there are others that Sir Robert Platt has pointed out [in a small but excellent book published in London, England, in 1963 by the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust under the title: *Ethics, Morals, Government*]: a general awakening of social conscience; greater power for good or harm in new remedies, new operations and new investigative



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—Harvard Medical School.

**Henry Knowles Beecher, M.D.**

procedures than was formerly the case; new methods of preventive treatment with their advantages and dangers that are now applied to communities as a whole as well as to individuals, with multiplication of the possibilities for injury; medical science has shown how valuable human experimentation can be in solving problems of disease and its treatment; one can therefore anticipate an increase in experimentation; and the newly developed concept of clinical research as a profession (for example clinical pharmacology)—and this, of course, can lead to unfortunate separation between the interests of science and the interests of the patient.

Nearly everyone agrees that ethical violations do occur. The practical question is, how often? A preliminary examination of the matter was based on seventeen examples, which were easily increased to fifty. These fifty studies contained references to 186 further likely examples, on the average 3.7 leads per study; they at times overlapped from paper to paper, but this figure indicates how conveniently one can proceed in a search for such material. The data are suggestive of widespread problems, but there is need for another kind of information, which was obtained by examination of 100 consecutive human studies published in 1964, in an excellent journal; twelve of these seemed to be unethical. If only one quarter of them is truly unethical, this still indicates the existence of a serious situation. [M. H.] Pappworth, in England, has collected, he says [in a personal communication to the author], more than 500 papers based upon unethical experimentation. It is evident from such observations that unethical or questionably ethical procedures are not uncommon.

All so-called codes are based on the bland assumption that meaningful or informed consent is readily available for the asking. As pointed out elsewhere [in an article headed, "Consent in Clinical Experimentation: Myth and Reality" in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* 195:34, 1966], this is very often not the case. Consent in any fully informed sense may not be obtainable. Nevertheless, except, possibly, in the most trivial situations, it remains a goal toward which one must strive for sociological, ethical, and clear-cut legal reasons. There is no choice in the matter.

IF suitably approached, patients will accede, on the basis of trust, to about any request their physicians may make. At the same time, every experienced clinician-investigator knows that patients will often submit to inconvenience and some discomfort—if they do not last very long—but the usual patient will never agree to jeopardize seriously his health or his life for the sake of "science."

In only two of the fifty examples originally compiled for this study (reduced here to twenty-two for reasons of space) was consent mentioned. Actually, it should be emphasized in all cases for obvious moral and legal reasons; but it would be unrealistic to place much dependence on it. In any precise sense, statements regarding consent are meaningless unless one knows how fully the patient was informed of all risks, and if these are not known, that fact also made clear. A far more dependable safeguard than consent is the presence of a truly *responsible* investigator.

These examples are not cited for the condemnation of individuals; they are recorded to call attention to a variety of ethical problems found in experimental medicine, for it is hoped that calling attention to them will help to correct abuses present. During ten years of study of these matters it has become apparent that thoughtlessness and carelessness, not a willful disregard of the patient's rights, account for most of the cases encountered. Nonetheless, it is evident that in many of the examples presented the investigators have risked the health or the life of their subjects. No attempt has been made to present the "worst" possible examples; rather, the aim has been to show the variety of problems encountered.

References to the examples presented are not given, for there is no intention of pointing to individuals, but rather, a wish to call attention to widespread practices. All, however, are documented to the satisfaction of the editors of the *[New England] Journal [of Medicine].*

* * * *

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Beecher at this point in his "Journal" article listed twenty-two separate cases of violation of patient's rights from the medical literature. Names of offending doctors were omitted, as were the names and publication dates of the medical journals in which the experiments had been reported. Dr. Beecher's brief description of the experiments was for the most part uninformative to laymen.]*

* * * *

In the view of the British Medical Research Council, it is not enough to ensure that all investigation is carried out in an ethical manner: It must be made unmistakably clear in the publications that the proprieties have been observed. This implies editorial responsibility in addition to the investigator's. The question rises, then, about valuable data that have been improperly obtained. It is my view that such material should not be published. (As far as principle goes, a parallel can be seen in the recent Mapp decision by the United States Supreme Court. It was stated there that evidence unconstitutionally obtained cannot be used in any judicial decision, no matter how important the evidence . . . .)

There is a practical aspect to the matter: Failure to obtain publication would discourage unethical experimentation. How many would carry out such experimentation if they *knew* its results would never be published? Even though suppression of such data (by not publishing it) would constitute a loss to medicine, in a specific localized sense, this loss, it seems, would be less important than the far-reaching moral loss to medicine if the data thus obtained were to be published. Admittedly, there is room for debate. Others believe that such data, because of their intrinsic value, obtained at a cost of great risk or damage to the subjects, should not be wasted but should be published with stern editorial comment. This would have to be done with exceptional skill, to avoid an odor of hypocrisy.

The ethical approach to experimentation in man has several components; two are more important than the others, the first being informed consent. The difficulty of obtaining this is discussed in detail. But it is absolutely essential to *strive* for it for moral, sociological, and legal reasons. The statement that consent has been obtained has little meaning unless the subject or his guardian is capable of understanding what is to be undertaken and unless all hazards are made clear. If these are not known this, too, should be stated. In such a situation the subject at least knows that he is to be a participant in an experiment. Secondly, there is the more reliable safeguard provided by the presence of an intelligent, informed, conscientious, compassionate, responsible investigator.

An experiment is ethical or not at its inception; it does not become ethical *post hoc*—ends do not justify means.



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# "OSTRACIZE THEM!"

## *A Challenge to Professional Societies*

By RAY H. BIXLER

THE principal force in the creation of ethical issues of alarming proportions in research has been the sudden emergence of the scientist as an affluent and politically crucial member of our society. Affluence and political importance have led to a marked increase in the number of research scientists and an even larger number of excellent job opportunities for them. Today's is a researcher's market.

The stakes are high. Graduate students are recruited much as are athletes: No school may "make an offer" to a bright college senior before a specified date, and if he then signs what amounts to a "letter of intent," no other school is permitted to offer him a fellowship without his first having obtained a release from the agreement reached with the first university.

When he gets his Ph.D., the able young scientist is the subject of intense recruitment once more. This time he will choose the department which offers him the lowest teaching load, a laboratory of his own, and a fine assistant, because long before he completed his education he had learned that success as a researcher is the key to opportunity. To minimize the possibility of his missing this point, he may have been given formal instruction in the preparation of grant requests!

We are training huge numbers of new scientists, and graduate education is becoming more and more impersonal. Thus, while the affluence of the research worker increases rapidly, he is also being mass produced. It is inevitable that morality suffer under this combination of forces, and whether one is a life scientist or a physical scientist is, in this frame of reference, immaterial.

There are, however, some special problems confronting the life sciences. We study "patients," "subjects," "communities," "political forces," and "the economy" (not to mention "animals"). On the other hand the physical scientist deals with "particles," "compounds," and "universes." Lucky fellow.

Another and significant difference is the willingness of the applied scientist to evaluate the current practices of his profession. The average engineer is much more willing to test the wisdom and the efficacy of his practices than is the teacher, the social worker, the physician, or the clinical psychologist. Thus, any discussion of the ethics of research in the life sciences must include both the question "What responsibilities do we have to the human beings with whom we experiment?" and "What responsibilities do we have to mankind to carry out studies of the effectiveness of our favorite, but largely untested, methods of surgery, psychotherapy, and teaching?"

SOME physicians have long trampled on the rights of patients, especially those of indigents and college students. Patients rarely have been asked if they will submit to observations or to examinations by medical students for teaching purposes only. Furthermore, drugs, surgery, and other treatment methods of undetermined value are widely used for research, without patient awareness, by ambitious physicians eager only for more data to publish and a grant extension to win. John Lear (*SR*, Feb. 5) cited a shocking illustration of deceit in medical research which illustrates the sacrifices some physicians are willing to make for a publication: Patients were knowingly deceived and they were selected haphazardly, their welfare was given token consideration at best and, to make matters worse, was blatantly sacrificed for speed in data accumulation.

BUT this group of data-happy physicians have company in every behavioral science. Several years ago one of our undergraduates spent the summer in another university as a research assistant. Her "responsibility" was to entice college freshmen into cheating on tests while social psychologists used one-way mirrors and listening devices to study the freshmen's cheating and consequent breakdown when confronted with *their* immoral behavior. A scientist at Harvard enjoys telling his professional audiences that the cruelty exhibited in the Nazi concentration camps is latent in many Americans. He has proved this by forcing subjects to administer what they believe to be dangerous electric shocks to other subjects (accomplices of the experimenter) who beg not to be tortured further and who scream pitifully when they receive the shocks. He has, I think, unwittingly assumed the role of the concentration camp doctor.

All of these studies were made without the subjects, usually college students, knowing in advance that they might be subjected to stress. As a matter of fact, most subjects had to participate in these and other studies in order to fulfill requirements for a course in general psychology. The American college's captive audience has become psychology's captive "subject pool." I am pleased to report that psychologists are making an effort to control unethical research activities; I regret to say that we, like the

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physicians, need encouragement from outsiders, if we are to bring practice into harmony with profession.

Our practice of using captive subjects for research can be defended if we tell the students in general terms what they will be expected to do, if we let them refuse to participate in studies which are objectionable to them, and if we provide them after their participation with an adequate and clear statement of what we did, why, and what we found. Participation as a subject in research is, under these circumstances, a worthwhile educational experience. Many behavioral researchers, careless rather than malicious, have forgotten these simple but ethically essential steps in their rush to collect data.

Patients and students are hapless creatures. Few of them can evaluate the adequacy of a physician or his treatment, and even fewer can tell whether a research project in which they participate is of any significance. Of course, this lack of sophistication is buttressed by the power relationship which exists between physicians or professors on one hand and their subjects on the other. Even if our subjects are aware that they are being exploited, they are in no position to defend themselves.

Yet, if one concentrates upon the abuses suffered by students and patients at the hands of ambitious research scientists, he misses a problem of greater gravity: the practitioner who assumes that his treatment is beneficial without a shred of scientific evidence to offer.

IN SPITE of the vast prestige and power that accrue to the researcher, the most neglected ethical issue in life sciences research has been the failure to study the methods we employ in the application of our knowledge to the solution of mankind's problems of health, education, and welfare. Harry [Dr. Henry K.] Beecher of Massachusetts General Hospital has been an almost solitary spokesman for the position that it is the physician's ethical responsibility to evaluate the treatment procedures he uses. Startling? This is only half of the story. Not only are drugs, surgical techniques, and other medical procedures widely used without scientific evidence of their adequacy, but so are many psychological tests, psychotherapies, personnel practices, social programs, and methods of teaching.

The limited vision of these applied scientists is well illustrated by a comment Freud made when he was told of research that confirmed some of his concepts. He responded, "I cannot put much value on these confirmations because the wealth of reliable observations on which (psychoanalytic) assertions rest make them independent of experimental verification." Far too many practitioners, like Freud are perfectly content to assume that their methods are sound and that submitting them to careful examination is unnecessary.

The worst offenders seem to be in the mental health professions where there is abundant evidence that many classical psychotherapies and diagnostic techniques are useless or even harmful. Yet, day in and day out, practitioners use the same questionable methods, deny the relevance of available research and refuse to do research themselves, with the flimsy excuse that what they are doing is so subtle that it cannot be studied by scientific means.

Another group of offenders can be found in the classroom. In no other area of the applied behavioral sciences is our knowledge so scanty and our position so intransigent as in the technology of teaching. Some, usually professors, hide behind the contention that teaching is an art and then consolidate their position by pointing out that any effort to investigate the efficacy of what they are doing and how they are doing it will be an infringement upon academic freedom. Others, usually school teachers, have produced a collection of platitudes and a pattern of practices which are supported by anecdotes and analogies.

This resistance of applied life scientists to rigorous evaluation of their methods seems paradoxical in this modern scientific world. "Common sense" is the yardstick against which the excellence of teaching or testing is measured and, to make matters worse, when scientific evidence casts doubt upon the reliability of some established practice, the research is frequently rejected or ignored. Sometimes this failure to recognize the inadequacy of old established methods is based upon the implicit economic threats involved. Administering an ink blot test may not help the patient but it fattens the wallet.

Many an applied life scientist is tragically out of date. He is not likely to be an omnivorous reader of professional journals, and, as a result, he is ill-prepared to replace his discredited techniques with newer skills. Since he often cannot understand the rationale behind recent contributions he may reject them out of hand. This practitioner is no strange breed; he is simply the victim of a knowledge explosion. The biologist who rested his case on the *Bible* responded to Darwin in much the same way.

There is a difference of course. Little damage is done to the welfare of his fellowmen by a peddler of antiquated theory. He can be endured. But the practitioner in the life sciences who adopts a prescientific concept of evidence must be classified with the scientist who deceives his helpless subjects. He must be ostracized.

**EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS**

# WHERE ARE THE LAWYERS?

## *A Charge of Truancy*

By ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER

THE DEAN of the Graduate School of Public Administration at Harvard University has written a long essay on the impact of the scientific-technological revolution on the American politico-economic structure [see *SR*, April 2]. In *The Scientific Estate* he asks "the fundamental question: How is science, with all its new power, to be related to our political purposes and values, and to our economic and constitutional system?"

The problem he poses and the answers he suggests add up to a provocative and important book which deserves to be widely read—and not only by scientists. Lawyers and political scientists and economists should also be aware of what Price has to say. As Dael Wolfle has put it, "The political theorists who wrote the U.S. Constitution sought to protect a democratic government and society against the then major sources of power: property, the military, and the church. Since that time, science and technology have become important sources of power.

How would the Founding Fathers have handled this problem? It is at this general and fundamental level that Price considers the relations between scientists and government and the problem of keeping the growing influence of science compatible with representative government." Although Dr. Wolfle seems to be in error about what the Constitutional Convention of 1787 did—property was protected, for example, not limited, as he suggests—his general point about science and the control of power is valid.

About the turn of the century, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes presciently ob-

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served that the lawyer of the future would be not the black-letter man but the expert in economics and statistics. And so it is, now that the Holmesian future has arrived. Ever increasingly the important work that lawyers do is concerned not only with the norms imbedded in code and case and compilation of doctrine but with the economics and politics of societal decisions. This, put another way, is merely to note that public law has become the dominant segment of law; it is all-pervasive; it is working immense changes in the nature of private law as well as impinging more and more directly upon individuals and collectivities. It has now become evident that a further dimension is being added to the corpus of knowledge about which the lawyer, if he is to be able to operate in the present-day and emergent society, must be cognizant: science and technology. In many respects the *The Scientific Estate* poses significant questions about which legal educators should be familiar and which suggest a need for curricular change quite as much as does the analogous need for insight into the political economy of human affairs about which Holmes spoke and which, unhappily, is little acted upon even yet in the nation's law schools.

It is clear enough—at least, it *should* be clear enough, although one should not be sanguine on the matter—that science and technology pose new and critical problems of legal education. Legal education exists for a purpose, a purpose larger than annually turning out a few thousand technicians in legal doctrine, however defined. I suggest that the doctrine itself must include both social and natural science. Lawyers, particularly the academic branch, must also be concerned with a condition described by Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* in this way: "The capacity of the democratic, representative systems of government to cope with the problems raised by the scientific revolution is in question."

When President Eisenhower, in his farewell address, warned the country that public policy might "become the captive of a scientific-technological elite," he was not speaking lightly. Mr. Eisenhower was particularly disturbed about possible alliances in the control of public policy between the scientists and a "military-industrial elite." It was a shock for scientists, as well as business leaders and some military personnel, to be linked by a conservative President in a new "estate" of the realm. Indeed, it should have been not only a shock but a challenge to all who are concerned with the political process in this nation—and what lawyer isn't? It is the great merit of *The Scientific Estate* that in it Dean Price elevates our understanding of the relation of science to government.

"The scientific revolution . . . ," Price asserts, "seems certain to have a more radical effect on our political institutions than did the industrial revolution, for a good many reasons." These include: a) the fusion of political and economic power—in other words, the public and private sectors of American society are growing closer together; b) a new order of complexity in the administration of public affairs; and c) the system of checks and balances is being upset. The significance of this for the public-law specialist is obvious, summed up by Price's statement: ". . . the main lines of our [public] policy, over the long run, are likely to be determined by scientific developments that we cannot foresee, rather more than by political doctrines that we can now state." The translation of these scientific developments into official decisions—legislative, administrative, judicial—is now and will in the future be the work of lawyers. As Price says, "Science alone cannot solve political problems—although at times some appear so to believe.

In matters of public policy the problem is one of managing change, for change is built into the social system by science and technology. If for this task reliance is placed upon the scientist and technologist, then we are in trouble, for neither has much appreciation for or even knowledge of the values subsumed under the concept of human dignity. Exclusive reliance on science is dangerous because it does not provide a body of set truths that can serve as a basis for political (*i.e.,* legal) action. "The main philosophical threat to our freedom is not that science will tempt us to invent a new materialist dialectic, or establish a '1984' style dictatorship. It is rather that if we rely on science alone we will be left with no sense of the purpose of existence, and thus no basis for determining our political goals to guide the blind forces of applied technology." Dean Price wants scientists to play an active role in government and politicians to take a sympathetic interest in science and scientific institutions. We have not yet learned to control in a responsible manner the technological forces let loose in society and have no new system of values by which to judge these forces.

IN SOME respects, the challenges Price poses for the scientist and politician—of control over technology and of attaining a sense of purpose—seem to raise questions similar to those for which lawyers have traditionally been called upon by Americans to resolve. The central position of the lawyer in this country has long been noted, particularly in the governmental processes, although in recent years a tendency to call upon others (*e.g.,* economists and scientists) has become evident. Lawyers have been our generalists in policy-making positions, in and out of government. Whether they can continue in such a position is one challenge Price presents to the legal profession—although he does not state it expressly. Whether it will be met is as yet unanswered; the legal profession (and legal education) seems to be curiously moribund.

In a world characterized by rapid change, lawyerdom is not moving with the alacrity or celerity necessary to keep up. Lawyers still fly backwards and seek to answer the problems of today with the solutions of yesteryear—when simple existence of the problems means that the answers of yesteryear are suspect or in need of re-examination. The legal profession has no institutionalized method of self-analysis, which would enable it to determine whether it is adequately meeting the tasks presented by society. Chaos lies all about us: delay in the courts, politicization of the administrative process, breakdown of respect for law, rise in crime, to name but a few examples. The old order is changing, and lawyers seem fated to be spectators.

If they were to become participants—as they should, particularly those connected with public law and with the law schools—then attention would of necessity have to be accorded to such matters as the assimilation of scientific and technological knowledge into the legal processes. We are trying to solve the problems of today with the tools of yesterday, despite the fact that they are not working. This is true both in the detailed routine of the law (particularly in courts) and in the larger questions of public policy-making. In addition, lawyers must face up to the question of "purposiveness": The ends and goals of society must be considered, and the policies enunciated today must be those which are most likely to fulfill those ends and goals. This calls for a new type of thinking.

However, one looks in vain in the legal profession for more than sporadic,



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occasional attention being paid to such matters. Certainly the practicing bar is doing little or nothing. Try to learn, for example, how that pillar of baroque orthodoxy, the American Bar Association, meets the burgeoning problems of the day. If one has the viscera to withstand reading the *American Bar Association Journal*, particularly the statements of the presidents of the ABA, he must wonder whether the leaders of the bar are living on the same planet where science and technology are transforming the face and nature of the earth, posing crucial problems to man, and disrupting time-honored political and economic institutions. The same may be said for the academic branch of the profession, as witness any annual meeting of the Association of American Law Schools as well as much of what is published in the *Journal of Legal Education*.

The American people are not receiving what they should get from the legal profession. Study any one of the great, pressing problems of the day and one soon concludes that the lawyer's contribution is minimal at best. Population control, environmental pollution, violence in the international community, all of which have scientific roots, find the lawyers mute or at least speaking with muted tones. Yet the question of population growth is as explosive as any in the world, atmospheric and other pollution can blight the landscape, and war can obliterate man.

Other problems obtrude: The position of the Negro in American society, surely the most polycentric of all social questions, is far from settled. Again, lawyers have little to say. A proliferating government characterized at times by unrestrained discretion intrudes more and more into the interstices of society and the everyday affairs of Americans. But lawyers have little to say. There is no established means by which many major public policy issues can be debated *prior* to promulgation. Lawyers could and should do this—but, again, they have little to say.

Lawyers have made almost no contribution to a growing national debate over the inviolability of the human body and mind. Medical experimentation without the knowledge and informed consent of the patient is supposedly taboo. Mankind was horrified by the medical atrocities committed in Nazi Germany. Yet we know that experiments are conducted without the patient's knowledge and consent even in our own country (see, for example, John Lear's report in *SR*, Feb. 5), and eminent experimentalists tell us the frequency of the occurrence has reached proportions damaging to the medical profession (see Dr. Henry K. Beecher's report in the June 16 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*). Deep concern over the U.S. Public Health Service's share of responsibility for abuse of the patient's privacy has been publicly expressed by the USPHS Surgeon General, Dr. William H. Stewart. According to Dr. Stewart, medical institutions receiving federal research grants will be required to guarantee the ethical integrity of all experiments supported by those grants. But how is this guarantee to be enforced? Who speaks for an institution in such complex circumstances? The administrator of a hospital? The dean of a medical school? The president of a university to which the medical school belongs? The trustees of the university which harbors the medical school? Lawyers should be at work right now, discussing the legal intricacies of institutional mechanics with physicians, professional administrators, and guardians of the public conscience. Are any such conferences taking place? Not that I hear of.

WHATEVER system of safeguards ultimately may be adopted, the final decision will still be made in the mind of the individual experimenting physician. As *The New England Journal of Medicine* said in an editorial comment on Dr. Beecher's cautionary report: "The investigator must be 'intelligent, informed, conscientious, compassionate, responsible.'" How is possession of these attributes to be judged? Leaving such determinations to self-policing by the medical profession may not be satisfactory. For example, it was argued by the attorneys in the cancer implant case at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn that the practices in question "did not differ dramatically from those of other researchers. 'If the whole profession is doing it,' one of the lawyers remarked in an interview, 'how can you call it "unprofessional conduct"?'" (*Science*, February 11, 1966, page 666). All too often members of a guild tend to identify the common good or the public interest with the interest of the profession. This suggests the need for the creation of external standards of conduct —precisely the area where the lawyer can be of help.

One New York lawyer, William A. Hyman, has intimately involved himself in the human guinea pig argument by initiating court action to open the experimental case records at the Brooklyn hospital referred to above. However, although he made skillful use of his legal talent, Mr. Hyman acted not as a barrister but as a director on the hospital's governing board—an individual outraged by professional conduct within the institution for which he shared legal responsibility. The organized bar did nothing to assist or to encourage Mr. Hyman, who has, in fact, received more ridicule than anything else from his professional confreres, whereas laymen have hailed him as a hero.

LAWYERS, in short, have lost and are losing caste in this country. Dean Price, in *The Scientific Estate*, documents some of what has taken place. His book should be required reading in all law schools and should be the subject of faculty seminars and discussions. This, one may be sure, will not be done. There is little evidence to indicate any real awareness within the legal profession of the truly revolutionary type of society in which we live. Lawyers are not dinosaurs; they will not disappear. But they will continue to become mere legal mechanics as the bar becomes more and more deprofessionalized — unless and until a breakthrough is made to a new order of viewing the human condition.

It must be remembered that President Eisenhower warned against a "scientific-technological elite"; he made no mention of lawyers. I do not suggest that lawyers should strive to be a part of the elite as an end in itself; but I do suggest that lawyers had better begin learning what the scientists and technologists, as well as the economists, are up to. It could even be that if the proper study of law encompasses, as it must, much more than the traditional legal lore so adored by hornbook writers and restaters of the law, then law will be seen and used in the manner for which it should: the technique through which humanistic values can be preserved in a society dominated by the non- and anti-humanists. For that is the end and purpose of law, in addition, of course, to its normative, ordering function: the infusion of humanism into cold rationalism.

We have lost (or are losing) that ability. It is being replaced by a naive faith in science, the new estate of the realm, equipped with a priesthood and a corpus of esoterica known only to that priesthood. Just as lawyers replaced the clergy, so now the scientists (natural and behavioral) are replacing the lawyer. The technocrats have arrived and are taking over.



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## LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

### Back to Zeus

JUST FINISHED reading your article on Edwin V. Komarek, "Lightning as a Sculptor of Life" [*SR*, June 4].

Could it be that the Greeks of the Sixth Century B.C. had an inkling of this!

In the Orphic myth, the Titans devoured the god Dionysus and were destroyed by the lightning of Zeus. From the ashes of the Titans sprang mankind.

OTTO F. REISS.

New York, N.Y.

### Dirty Water

K. L. SCHULZE's "encouraging report" [*SR*, June 4] that treated sewage effluent containing high concentrations of nitrates, phosphates, and potassium may be useful as nutritious irrigation water is akin to suggesting that a termite-riddled house makes better firewood. For water, irrigation is a dead end. In the eastern part of the United States, where the major pollution problem occurs, irrigation is a totally consumptive use of water. The reason pollution poses such a problem is that in the East, water must be used over and over again before it reaches the sea. If the solution is to be "destruction" of the water by irrigation, why go to the trouble of tertiary treatment, since the more polluted water would make a better fertilizer than the water after tertiary treatment?

The U. S. Public Health Service study results on Lake Erie made public last year showed that the "aging" or eutrophication of Lake Erie is caused by large amounts of nitrates and phosphates entering the lake. Algae is produced in huge quantities because of this "enrichment"; it dies, demanding oxygen. Fish population has increased, but not the desirable species, most of which have been all but exterminated. Thus we magnify the "fish pond" experiment to the real fish pond where Ohio, Michigan, and Canadian commercial fishermen find the phenomenon very hard on the pocketbook.

If Professor Schulze's process does not remove the nitrates and phosphates, it is not a significant proposal for solution of the water pollution problem. We are all aware that sewage wastes can be made perfectly pure. The crucial question to be applied to any proposed solution is always: Can we afford it? As water becomes more valuable because of demand, more technical solutions will become economically feasible; irrigation, far from offering a solution, will conceivably be largely prohibited by law.

JAMES R. HANSON.

Columbus, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hanson identifies himself as an attorney on the staff of the Department of Natural Resources, State of Ohio. Professor Schulze replies below.*

Mr. James R. Hanson maintains that my tertiary treatment process must remove nitrates and phosphates, otherwise it has no value as a solution to the water pollution problem. He is especially irked by my proposal to use the tertiary effluent for irrigation purposes.

According to Hanson, the main problem lies in the fact that in the eastern United States water must be used over and over again before it reaches the sea. In a general way this is true—and will be more so in the future—not only in the East but throughout a major part of our country. However, the phrasing of his statement is open to the interpretation that there actually are communities in the East which would have to rely completely on treated sewage for their public water supply. This is not so. To my knowledge, there has been only one incident in which a city had to depend completely on treated waste water for its public water supply. This incident occurred at Chanute, Kansas, during a severe drought in 1956. Otherwise, what actually happens is that downstream communities are using water from a river that is being used by upstream communities as the receiving body for their treated (and sometimes untreated) sewage. In other words, what is being re-used is a mixture of river water and treated (or untreated) waste water. And here I would say that a tertiary treatment process which consistently removes 98 to 99 per cent of BOD (biochemical oxygen demand), suspended solids, and coliform bacteria is certainly much better than what we now have. In fact, the effluent of my tertiary treatment process is potable as far as adults are concerned. For infants the nitrate concentration would probably be too high.

This brings us back to the removal of nitrates and phosphates. The U. S. Public Health Service study quoted by Hanson has indeed shown that the constant influx of nitrates and phosphates from treated or untreated waste waters is the prominent cause of the rapid aging (eutrophication) of Lake Erie. In fact, we will lose that lake if we continue our present waste disposal practices. Thus there is no doubt that the removal of nutrient salts from waste water is one of the great technological tasks facing us today. The problem is even more difficult than that of desalination. To date no large-scale, economical process for the removal of low concentrations of nitrate and phosphate ions from waste water has been developed. Obviously, my proposal to use the tertiary effluent for irrigation is aimed at just such ion removal by the soil and the activity of plant roots.

I did not imply in my article that my project would represent *the* solution to the pollution problem. There is no one solution to this problem. Conditions differ from place to place, and a multitude of approaches and processes will have to be used. There will be situations where irrigation is not applicable at all. This, however, is beside the point. More important is the fact that irrigation does not have to be a "totally consumptive" use as Hanson maintains. It depends entirely on the rate of application of the water—for instance, whether one, two, or four inches of water will be used per week. The higher the rate of application, the more of this water seeps into the ground and recharges the ground water table. In fact, Pennsylvania State University is operating a pioneering demonstration project based on very similar thoughts (see *SR*, Oct. 23, 1965).

Hanson's suggestion that, as far as irrigation is concerned, it would be better to forget about tertiary treatment and use waste water directly, is not supported by facts. Raw sewage, or even primary effluent, is not well suited for irrigation because of odor problems, soil-clogging, and danger to public health. Tertiary effluent would be free of those difficulties, and a combination of tertiary treatment and irrigation would therefore offer the possibility of keeping the nitrates and phosphates out of Lake Erie. Furthermore, the irrigation issue is intimately connected with the problem of

*"Now be a good boy, study hard, and promise mother you won't go getting your consciousness expanded."*



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increasing food production for our growing population. In other words, through irrigation the troubling ions are not only removed but put to productive use. Accordingly, Hanson's idea that irrigation should be largely prohibited by law appears to me myopic.

K. L. SCHULZE, Ph.D.
Department of Civil Engineering,
Michigan State University.
East Lansing, Mich.

## Birthday Letters

CONGRATULATIONS on your Tenth Anniversary Science and Humanity Supplement [*SR*, May 7]. I am sure that most professional ecologists would agree that you have focused, in an incomparably fine fashion, on many of the serious environmental problems that we in the ecological community have been concerned about for the past several decades.

Although no single issue could cover all aspects of our environmental problems, there is one particular facet of rather pressing urgency that should be recognized. This is the preservation of natural areas representing different kinds of ecological situations. Ecologists require norms or baselines against which changes or measures of interaction in our changed or perturbed environments can be compared. Such baselines are represented in undisturbed natural areas which represent the results of environment and evolutionary process interacting through eons of time. It is highly important, therefore, that the new interest in research in ecology be paralleled by policies which will provide the appropriate kinds of environments for ecological research.

STANLEY I. AUERBACH,
Secretary,
The Ecological Society of America.
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

WE HAVE BEEN so busy poring over the articles in the Tenth Anniversary Science and Humanity Supplement, and its succeeding follow-ups, that we have not taken time to write and tell you how exciting it is to conservationists to find material of this sort in print in a "general magazine."

We do have a bone to pick with you: Do you really think it feasible to wait until students are in college before exposing them to this sort of teaching? We feel, very strongly, that it should begin in the first grade.

ALLAN AND ELLEN BONWILL.
East Haven, Conn.

*SR* OF MAY 7 was good, very good. I read every word of all fourteen pieces in it on the origin of man, and on the very strong possibility that he will end life by his own hand.

It was thought-provoking, arresting, almost frightening. I am glad that you gave your listeners—or readers—the chance to write a letter about it. Through all the articles the question—What can I do?—came back repeatedly. I have my little stake in this world, as all others do, and I am not agreeable to anyone ending the show without at least hearing a protest.

The concept of all these articles appearing in one issue was good. It also aptly told the story of how science questions and experiments. I am sure that all that was written was expressive of current thinking. It amazes me how men of the front rank in thinking can probe a theory and reject it and come up with a more logical way to explain life. Imagination, curiosity, and common sense, attributes that every mature person can claim, are greatly stimulated by such a presentation. This one number of *SR* leads me to believe that man may eventually solve the enigma of the origin of life.

I think I read all so carefully because one thing soon impressed me in the reading and lasted all the way through. There was not a single reference to God or to any other guide to account for the laws that made and continue our universe.

I do hope that in some future issue men who are as well qualified to write an answer from the theistic viewpoint are allowed to fashion a rebuttal.

JOHN L. FOURNIER.
Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the existence of God was not debated, there is nothing to rebut. Readers may believe or disbelieve, as they prefer, without disturbing any of the facts or theories recited in SR's Tenth Anniversary Science and Humanity Supplement.*

YOUR SPECIAL WORD to readers to write a letter has encouraged me to do just that. Whenever my subscription to *Saturday Review* inadvertently lapses, I feel so lost and so out of touch with all of significance that is happening in the world. The recent feature on "The Fragile Breath of Life" is a vivid example of why I should feel this way. It is just one of those issues one cannot afford to miss!

In this case I was particularly stimulated and excited. My interest in the organic gardening movement in the past five years has thoroughly acquainted me with such words as ecology and with man's urgent need to cooperate more knowingly with nature in order to preserve this fragile breath of life.

There is a group of people at work on home plots, on experimental farms and ranches, in isolated colleges and universities, who have been actively concerned for years with this very problem of ecology. Perhaps their most significant contribution has been to demonstrate beyond doubt the ultimate relationship between health in the soil and health in all living things. One knows that they are unpopular (to say the least!) with the chemical industry and with the food-processing industry and that this no doubt accounts in general for their complete expulsion from our leading communications media.

"Organists" do not pretend to have all the answers, but they have been on the right track a lot longer than most folks, and they have come up with enough exciting answers to merit attention. Moreover, they have actively engaged thousands of little people all over our country and the world who are applying sound ecological principles in their gardening and farming. Doesn't somebody at *SR* know and care about all this?

MRS. DACIA L. KING.
New Bern, N.C.

SATURDAY REVIEW is always welcome and is eagerly read. The best issue yet is the one on "The Fragile Breath of Life." It is superb.

MRS. J. A. HAY.
San Angelo, Tex.

THE PURPOSE of life is perhaps to love, to laugh, to work, to play, to live—and to help us in this living we have within ourselves an image of all those who have contributed to our existence, not only to our biological inheritance, but also to our understanding of the universe.

And if we contemplate the end of our physical and perhaps spiritual existence, it is comforting to know that because of our contributions we will love and laugh and work and play forever as long as civilization endures.

RAY WOODRIFF,
Professor of Chemistry,
Montana State University.
Bozeman, Mont.

## "Weather-Mod"

YOUR RECENT ARTICLE on weather modification [*SR*, Apr. 2] was most interesting. Subsequent letters to the editor from men cited in the article have added depth to the subject, but confusion to the mind of at least one reader.

You stated that the National Academy of Sciences meant, by rain-making, the augmentation of rain that was about to fall, rather than the original creation of rainfall. Dr. McDonald stated in his letter to you [*SR*, May 5] that the final report of the NAS panel took great pains to stress that the cloud-seeding experiments are not conclusive. These statements seem to conflict.

Does the NAS panel mean augmentation, which is to say cloud-seeding, or does it mean the original creation of rain when it declares, categorically, the practicality of weather manipulation?

In your article you asked, "Why, then, should there be an Academy report at this juncture?" May I suggest an answer to that question? Perhaps the NAS can, in fact, induce original rainfall. Perhaps Dr. McDonald meant precisely that when he wrote that a variety of recent experimental results warrant a new degree of optimism.

According to reports in January, the Weather Bureau disclosed that it would conduct rain-making experiments this year in the drought-stricken northeastern states. Have such experiments produced the adequate rainfall so far this year, and were the experiments discontinued during March, the only dry month?

Is it possible that we now have the capability to induce original rainfall? The implications of this question are of staggering dimensions.

THOMAS F. SCANLIN.
Levittown, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not even the professional rainmakers claim the original creation of rainfall. Weather Bureau research reports indicate no such dramatic results as suggested by Mr. Scanlin's penultimate paragraph. Dr. James McDonald in testifying at recent Congressional hearings has cautioned that augmentation of rainfall cannot be guaranteed.*



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*(Continued on page 54)*



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**DECORATE THAT SUMMER HOME.** French (easy) cartoons on linen, 20" x 30". Gay, colorful, unusual—conversation pieces. $2.95. Free catalogue. Maureen Gifts, POB 28, Smoketown, Pennsylvania 17576.

**GENTLEMAN, THIRTIES,** with dachshund, seeks country quarters with conservative gentleman. Offers fine cooking, stimulating conversation. International background. Box T-554.

**SONGWRITER** needs lyricist Broadway show type material. Must handle book. Box T-572.

**TEACHER, LATIN, FRENCH, SPANISH,** certified, experienced, desires position September. Box T-574.

**PHOTOGRAPHER-REPORTER-EDITOR,** 28, M.A., seeks creative position in northwest. Box T-545.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**LIBRARIAN**—small residential school needs person to organize and operate library-cultural center. Contact Richard J. Lewis, Principal, George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

**COLLEGE GRADUATES**—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box S-1000 Saturday Review.

**WIDOWER, 30,** needs middle-aged mother/housekeeper for two small daughters, in New York City area. Will relocate for right woman who will live-in or we will move into her house, pay rent and salary. Box T-586.

**RETURN TO MAINE.** Jobs available. General help, Professional, Teachers. Let us be your contact. Page Enterprises, Broad Street, Bangor.

**MALE TEACHER.** Freedom to teach creatively in beautiful country environment near Washington. Small, ungraded five day elementary coed boarding school. Individualized approach. Integrated. Box T-563.

**WANTED:** Refined gentleman, preferably in forties, homeloving and from cultured family background, with some secretarial ability, who would appreciate and enjoy formal living in attractive surroundings. Position—Man-Friday to gentleman. Winters in south, summers north or abroad. Send work and family resumes and recent snapshots. Box T-544.

**COUPLE: WILL PROVIDE** 2 rooms and bath in lovely country home near NYC (Rockland County), plus moderate salary for weekend domestic service and light caretaking duties. Additional domestic and caretaking work available in neighborhood as desired. Professional and character references. To start August 1st. Box T-567.



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## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**CHALLENGING TEACHING VACANCIES (FEMALE)**—Are you discouraged with teaching because of regimentation and lack of scope for your creative talents? Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Episcopal College-Preparatory Boarding and Day School for Girls, offers the environment and program you would enjoy. Vacancies in English, Mathematics and Physical Education. No dormitory duties, separate faculty residence. Adequate but not fantastic salary. Apply Sister in Charge. Kemper Hall, Box 310SRL, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**OFF-WHITE ELEPHANT**—Brewster, N.Y. 30 acre estate, 10 room Colonial, barn, pool, cottages. Possibilities galore. Reasonable offers? 212-FL 3-5465.

**LOGS OF CONTENTMENT**—Old two story cabin, modern conveniences, near Smokies. Also lots and acreage. Write Haynes, Huckleberry, R 2, Hendersonville, N.C.

**VALLEY COTTAGE, N.Y.** Ideal for horse lover. 45 minutes to NYC. Old country fieldstone house. 3 secluded acres. 40' living room, fireplace, dining room, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern electric kitchen, dishwasher. Glassed-in porch. 2 car garage. 2 box stalls, 2 fenced corrals. Extras. $49,000. 914-CO 8-3916.

**MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT**—1773 Colonial. 9 rooms, barn. 10 acres, pond. Lovely condition. $45,000. Edward Pease, RFD #1.

**50 MILES NYC**—Mountaintop, 4 wooded acres, swimming pool; 3 bedroom Colonial, all year comfort and beauty. $34,000. 914-628-4830.

**MONADNOCK REGION,** southern New Hampshire. Country Victorian home, in the shadow of the village church and green's edge. One and one-half acres. Attached barn (for a horse or two). Separate small barn for studio or guest house. 10 rooms, 2 baths, attic. Prime condition. Charm with every modern convenience. $45,000. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Telephone: 603-874-2268.

**PROVENCE, FRANCE**—Artistic house, 7 acres. Living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, hot water, separate guest cottage. Mountain view. Write Mrs. Waehner Dieulefit.

**20 ACRE ESTATE**—With beautiful, large summer home. Gorgeous views of Lake Winnipesaukee and mountains beyond. Privacy insured by stone walls and wrought iron gate. 4 bedroom winterized house. Maple-lined driveway, lawns, gardens, fields and woods. Price $65,000. New Hampshire Colonials, 57 Main Street, Plymouth, N.H. 03264. Telephone 536-2180.

**ENCHANTING REMODELED BARN,** secluded in the woods beside a stream. 3 bedrooms, modern kitchen and bath. Oil heat. $16,900. Peggy Cole, Box 544, Woodstock, N.Y. Telephone 914-679-9348. Representative, Florence Matteson, Broker.

**ISRAEL.** Beautiful 2 bedroom home situated on magnificent half-acre plot including cultivated orchard and vineyard. Ideally situated midway between Lydda Airport and Tel Aviv. Asking $24,500. Phone owner: 212-HI 1-6135 or 212-PL 2-5829.

**150-YEAR-OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE**—Southwestern New Hampshire. Remodeled, modern conveniences. Gorgeous view. $4,500. Box 37, Alstead, N.H.

**OLD GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT**—On Long Island Sound. Beautiful 7 room home, 3 baths, 2 car garage, terrace, 100' putting green lawn, 300' waterfront. Grand view. $115,000. Crandall, Realtor, 203-637-0322.

**BERKSHIRES.** At $14,500, exceptionally good buy. Year-round 5 room house, fireplace, screened porch, 1½ baths, oil heat, town water, garage, acre land, short walk stores, places of worship. Box 134, South Egremont, Massachusetts.

**CONNECTICUT**—Do you long for the north woods, but are tied to the market place? Lo, the solution! Complete isolation of woods, hills, rocks within commuting distance of Manhattan. Year-round ranch house in ridges of North Stamford. Everything inside as well as out: spacious living room, stone fireplace, complete kitchen, 2 master bedrooms. $34,000. Write Director, Camp Longacres, East Aurora, N.Y.

**TIDEWATER VIRGINIA RANCHER** on saltwater. Living room, study, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, air-conditioned, attractive. $33,500 with three acres, $26,500 one acre. SR Box T-409.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Rent—Furnished

**HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.** Luxuriously furnished, 3 and 4 bedroom houses on private estate near Homestead Hotel. Call or write for brochure. Clarkson and Wallace, Inc., Warm Springs, Virginia. Telephone Hot Springs 839-2632.

**WASHINGTON RENTAL**—September through June. Contemporary house in wooded 5 acre community 35 minutes from Capitol. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Furnished with essentials and grand piano. $225 monthly. Box T-587.

**NEW ROCHELLE**—Pine-paneled charm, lovely outdoors, 3 bedrooms, den, 3 baths, available September, 1966. 914-NE 6-0926 evenings.

**ENGLISH DENTIST** has villa to let on Costa Del Sol. Available September onwards. Magnificent situation and views. 2 double bedrooms, bath, large sitting room, dining room and patios. Large swimming pool, own maid. Bernard Probert, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

**9 ROOM COUNTRY HOME,** Rockland County, N.Y. Available July 23rd. $300, utilities included. Lease. Box T-585.

**BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS**—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box T-597.

### For Summer Rental

**FOR RENT:** Waterfront house, 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, fully equipped. Bass River, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. $2,000 season. David Acheson, Washington, D.C. FE 3-7988 (evenings), WO 4-8011 (days).

**AVALON, N.J.** On the water, boat slip, 3 bedrooms, modern kitchen, large deck. $700 July. SR Box T-472.

**SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT**—1780s Cape Codder. 5 bedrooms, Steinway grand. Swimming, golf, tennis, Tanglewood nearby. Available July-Labor Day, also monthly. SR Box T-573.

**LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, COTTAGE.** $50.00 weekly. Write Powers, 235 East 78th Street, NYC.

**JUST OUTSIDE** our nation's Capital in beautiful Virginia, 4 bedroom house, completely furnished, July 30th to August 16th. Reasonable. Box T-593.

**NEAR MARLBORO, VERMONT.** House or renovated barn. 160 acres woodland. Lakes nearby. $75 week, $200 month. Schuller, 212-986-9380.

## HOUSE TO SHARE

**CHARMING,** near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Retired professional woman seeks same. Box T-167.

## HOUSE WANTED

**PROFESSOR'S FAMILY** wants fully equipped oceanside cottage South Bristol, Maine, area. Sleep 7. August. Dr. Charles Lowe, 312 N.W. 23rd Street, Gainesville, Florida 32601.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### Furnished/Unfurnished

**ITHACA, N.Y.** Walk to Cornell campus. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

### For Rent

**3½ ROOM APARTMENT** main building Dutchess County estate. Separate entrance, 60 miles NYC. Complete privacy and seclusion. Magnificent view. Call 914-223-3202.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### For Summer Rental

**GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC.** Beautiful air-conditioned duplex. $500 month. Call 212-675-3287.

**PSYCHOLOGIST'S** Manhattan 4½; near Lincoln Center. 2 bedrooms, kitchen with table, doorman. July 27th-September 5th. $260. Box T-552.

**SUMMER RETREAT,** Long Island—45 minutes from NYC. Attractively furnished 2 rooms, kitchenette, bath, veranda. Access to private beach and dock. $800 now through Labor Day. Box T-588.

## APARTMENT WANTED

**SMALL, ATTRACTIVE,** furnished. Manhattan. For single gentleman during July. Call PL 2-4185.

## OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

**MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE FOR WRITER.** Quiet, air-conditioned, furnished midtown office, part of small Foundation suite. Complete privacy. Reasonable. Box T-589.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**NOVA SCOTIA.** 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer home-site—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia. Reference: Royal Bank of Canada, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

**ADIRONDACK HOMESITES.** 100' lakefront by 400' deep. Boating, fishing, hunting. Clean air and water. Established community. Box N-391.

**MAINE**—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD.** Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE RIDGE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

**VERMONT**—Stowe area. T. R. Barnett, Real Estate Consultant, Stowe, Vermont. New York Office: 4 West 40th Street. 212-BR 9-0987.

**ENJOYMENT, SECURITY**—low cost Lakes Region farm. Photo, Orr Agency, Litton, N.H.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PRESCHOOL** for sale. University community, California. Box T-550.

**TANGIER'S MOST SWINGING BAR**—Live music, dancing, snacks. Splendid yield and growth at $12,500. Baillie, 10, Rue Docteur Ferran, Marshan, Tangier, Morocco.

**FOR SALE:** School of Music—14 years midwest area. Write Box 526, Baldwin Wallace College Union, Berea, Ohio.

**CENTURY OLD COUNTRY STORE.** Owner's apartment has 7 rooms and bath. Excellent location. $25,000. Lawrence O. Drown, Sanford, Maine 04073.

## CAMPS

**TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY:** Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

## RETIREMENT LIVING

**ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS** in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center . . . nearing completion on the grounds . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

*(Continued on page 56)*



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## CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 55)

## VACATIONS

**SAND BEACH FARM,** Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable.

**THE CLEARING.** Beautiful, secluded Berkshire estate offers a limited number of adults a unique vacation environment. Excellent accommodations, garden food, swimming, magnificent natural wilderness. $20 daily, $125 weekly. Write West Chesterfield, Massachusetts. Telephone 413-634-8803.

**BEAUTIFUL VERMONT**—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN.** Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE**—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

**PACK CREEK RANCH**—A small, distinctive guest ranch in rugged, spectacular southeastern Utah in the La Sal National Forest and at the gateway to the new Canyonlands National Park. Here you may swim, fish, ride, hunt, go on pack and jeep trips, search for rocks or just loaf. For brochure or reservations write or call Dr. and Mrs. Durwin H. Brownell, P.O. Box 1275, Moab, Utah. Phone 801-253-6801.

**WALKER'S WRINKLE**—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

**SOUTHERN VERMONT**—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theater, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

**PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION.** Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

**TEN MILES AT SEA:** a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

**PICK THE PARADOXICAL PAIR!** Two different vacations in one—a plush Miami Beach resort and an exciting cruise to the Bahamas! Write Dept. SR, Box 6725, Miami Beach, Florida.

**BACK LOG CAMP,** on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 1st to September 5th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Back Log Camp, Sabael, N.Y.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

**MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE**—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

**RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE,** Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Sylvan pleasures: mountains, trout streams; plus creature comforts: private baths, delectable food, filtered pool. 914-688-7761.

**THE SEASIDE,** on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

**AUTUMN VACATION?** See the Rockies in September. Shining mountains, golden hillsides, sparkling days. Ride, hike, fish, relax at our small secluded mountain ranch. Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

**WHALER'S INNE,** Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

**THE YODLER**—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

**A MOUNTAIN RESORT**—Only 90 miles from New York City, Lake Mohonk Mountain House combines the best of two eras—the dignity and serenity of the past, the conveniences and comforts of the present. Fun and relaxation for the entire family, with planned activities, entertainment and all sports. Balconied rooms commanding picturesque views of the Rondout Valley or Mohonk Lake. We serve ice and mixes only. American Plan begins at $21.00. Reduced rates for children. (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors.) For descriptive folder and literature regarding our Mohonk Holidays, kindly write to Dept. "S", Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. Telephone: Area Code 914-256-2211.

**VACATION PLUS** . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk-dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire.

**HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH** adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

**FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED,** creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

**TIRED?** Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

**SWISS RESORT, AAA.** Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

**THE IMPROBABLE INN** for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

**LIGHTHOUSE INN,** New London, Connecticut. Jewel box 52 room inn and motor lodge overlooking the sea. Private ocean beach, orchestra Saturday nights, superb food. E.P. Write for Brochure S.

**BLACK MOUNTAIN GUEST RANCH,** 150 miles west of Denver, Colorado. Modern cabins, lodge, fishing, horseback riding, hunting in season. Easily accessible, personal attention, moderate rates. For information and reservations write or call Guy Nesbitt, Manager, P.O. Box 607, McCoy, Colorado 80463. Telephone, Wolcott, Colorado.

**MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.** Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

**ENCHANTING RUSTIC "RETREAT"** near Tanglewood. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of sports. Hi-Fi music, good food and true relaxation. Swimming, rowing, canoeing, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, etc. Informal, congenial, moderate. A unique vacation spot for business and professional people. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

**CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE.** Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM**—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

**DID THEY LAUGH** when you first sat down on a horse? Come spend your vacation in a garden spot of the world and get individual instruction from cavalry officers in theory, dressage, cross-country and jumping at famous Escuela Ecuestre S.M.A., Apartado 185-S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Telephone 255.

**FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA.** Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

## VACATION WORKSHOPS

**THIS SUMMER** Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

## STUDIES ABROAD

**STUDY IN SOUTH AMERICA** this fall. Foreign Study Programs of Syracuse University fall semester in Colombia, undergraduate, language prerequisite. 335 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, New York 13210. Phone GR 6-5571, Extension 3471.

## TRAVEL

**BOOKED FOR BRITAIN?** Don't just arrive without knowing how to make the best use of your visit. Personal Host Tours Ltd., 44 Earls Court Road, London, W.8.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE**—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21XV Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

**A MOST UNUSUAL VACATION.** More than a vacation, a trip to Surinam (Old Dutch Guiana) is a conversation piece. At the Surinam Torarica Hotel you'll live in total luxury, yet the most primitive jungle is only moments away. The Surinam Torarica offers gourmet dining, air-conditioned rooms, olympic size swimming pool, casino—comfort and recreation in the best Continental style. And for your venturesome moods there are up-river explorations with native guides, bush Negro fire dances and a world of other fascinations that only seeing is believing, and that only Surinam offers. Just a few jet hours away via Pan Am or KLM. The phone number, 212-CO 5-1737 in New York. Or write 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Or see your Travel Agent.

**ALAN WATTS** will conduct Study Group of the WEST-COAST ORIENT with lectures on influence of Orient on Western Culture. September 8th to October 9th. Write S.C.P., Box 857, Sausalito, California 94965.

**SECOND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS** Around the World Tour led by Ed Radenzel, San Francisco Chronicle foreign news editor. Emphasis: Russia and India, including Kashmir, Hong Kong, Bangkok and Tokyo. Meetings with public officials and the press in all countries. Forty days, $2,590. For detailed information write Mr. Radenzel, c/o San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco, California.

**IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ST. LUCIA***, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere, $10. (*St. LOO-sha). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

**SAIL TO THE ISLANDS** of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

**THIS AD** + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

**BACHELOR PARTY®**—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

**SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH.** 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

**TUDOR HOTEL,** 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $7; doubles from $10 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1682

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. French fabulist, friend of Racine, Boileau and Molière (surname). | 54 7 44 169 33 86 186 2 71 91 |
| B. Secondary result. | 14 142 158 123 171 96 194 37 151 46 68 |
| C. Prepared for, or waging, war (2 wds.) | 162 180 25 190 90 64 74 139 58 |
| D. General receptacle for miscellaneous articles. | 120 92 136 173 183 138 20 62 |
| E. A person held as a pledge of good faith. | 121 149 110 48 23 10 134 |
| F. Knowledge communicated or acquired, esp. by reading or observation. | 179 156 103 99 144 187 31 117 122 87 27 |
| G. Well-known variety of pale-green American grape. | 176 164 73 81 16 102 206 |
| H. Highly poisonous drug, derived from meadow saffron seed, the leading specific for gout. | 115 174 29 135 195 94 105 145 189 79 |
| I. Bindery worker on a certain special job. | 207 188 18 133 77 32 |
| J. In a music performance, this is a semi-independent, melodic part usually of much beauty, by single voice or instrument. | 82 66 143 53 177 17 154 47 55 |
| K. What Addison said we are always doing for posterity, though he wished posterity could do it for us. | 192 21 1 203 41 161 69 84 137 |
| L. What was *waiting for thee* along with the dewdrop (Foster: *Beautiful Dreamer*) | 13 126 45 204 5 166 181 116 106 |
| M. Nickname for the Bank of England is the Old Lady of this Street. | 182 127 80 131 198 146 56 43 109 97 63 12 |
| N. Popular breakfast item (3 wds.) | 42 128 163 119 76 4 9 85 175 34 |
| O. Face; meet squarely. | 28 24 78 205 59 38 8 57 |
| P. An abstract. | 160 22 67 35 118 60 104 |
| Q. Goddess of memory who was mother of the Muses. | 200 108 40 65 26 72 168 114 125 |
| R. Surname of two families whose progeny seemed to keep up the traditions, one in acting, the other in a great religious project. | 88 36 70 167 159 |
| S. Without strain. | 172 111 170 107 132 51 93 148 157 185 |
| T. One of a body of infantry, originally Algerian; or of several volunteer regiments of the U.S. Civil War who imitated their uniform and drill (all 19th cent.) | 95 11 196 50 124 153 |
| U. German soldier who served with Union Army of U.S., 1863, later became great designer of aircraft. | 178 30 130 100 184 152 83 199 |
| V. Detestable; repulsive. | 165 193 52 15 49 191 141 197 113 |
| W. Interlude in the theater. | 140 150 129 112 201 39 98 6 |
| X. Banished; removed from sight. | 155 89 19 75 147 61 202 101 3 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 K | 2 A | 3 X | 4 N | 5 L | 6 W | ■ | 7 A | 8 O | 9 N | ■ | 10 E | 11 T | 12 M | 13 L | ■ | 14 B | 15 V |
| ■ | 16 G | ■ | 17 J | 18 I | 19 X | 20 D | 21 K | 22 P | ■ | 23 E | 24 O | 25 C | ■ | 26 Q | 27 F | 28 O | ■ |
| 29 H | 30 U | 31 F | 32 I | 33 A | 34 N | ■ | 35 P | 36 R | ■ | 37 B | 38 O | 39 W | 40 Q | ■ | 41 K | 42 N | 43 M |
| ■ | 44 A | 45 L | 46 B | 47 J | ■ | 48 E | 49 V | 50 T | 51 S | ■ | 52 V | 53 J | 54 A | ■ | 55 J | 56 M | 57 O |
| 58 C | ■ | 59 O | 60 P | 61 X | 62 D | 63 M | ■ | 64 C | 65 Q | 66 J | 67 P | 68 B | 69 K | 70 R | 71 A | 72 N | ■ |
| 73 G | 74 C | 75 X | ■ | 76 N | 77 I | 78 O | 79 H | 80 M | ■ | 81 G | 82 J | 83 U | 84 K | 85 N | ■ | 86 A | 87 F |
| ■ | 88 R | 89 X | ■ | 90 C | 91 A | 92 D | 93 S | 94 H | 95 T | 96 B | 97 M | ■ | 98 W | 99 F | ■ | 100 U | 101 X |
| 102 G | 103 F | 104 P | 105 H | 106 L | ■ | 107 S | 108 Q | 109 M | 110 E | ■ | 111 S | 112 W | 113 V | 114 Q | 115 H | 116 L | ■ |
| 117 F | 118 P | ■ | 119 N | 120 D | 121 E | 122 F | 123 B | 124 T | 125 Q | ■ | 126 L | 127 M | 128 N | 129 W | ■ | 130 U | 131 M |
| 132 S | 133 I | 134 E | 135 H | 136 D | ■ | 137 K | 138 D | 139 C | 140 W | ■ | 141 V | 142 B | ■ | 143 J | 144 F | 145 H | 146 M |
| 147 X | 148 S | ■ | 149 E | 150 W | 151 B | ■ | 152 U | 153 T | 154 J | 155 X | 156 F | 157 S | ■ | 158 B | 159 R | 160 P | ■ |
| 161 K | 162 C | 163 N | 164 G | 165 V | 166 L | 167 R | 168 Q | ■ | 169 A | 170 S | ■ | 171 B | 172 S | 173 D | 174 H | 175 N | 176 G |
| 177 J | 178 U | 179 F | 180 C | 181 L | ■ | 182 M | 183 D | 184 U | ■ | 185 S | 186 A | 187 F | 188 I | 189 H | 190 C | 191 V | 192 K |
| ■ | 193 V | 194 B | ■ | 195 H | 196 T | 197 V | 198 M | 199 U | ■ | 200 Q | 201 W | 202 X | 203 K | 304 L | 205 O | 206 G | 207 I |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 4 of this issue.



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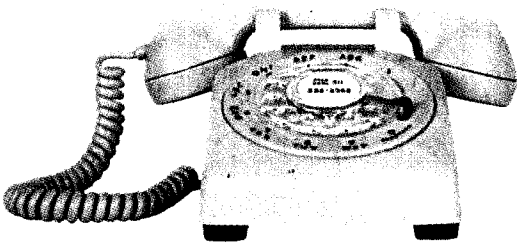

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